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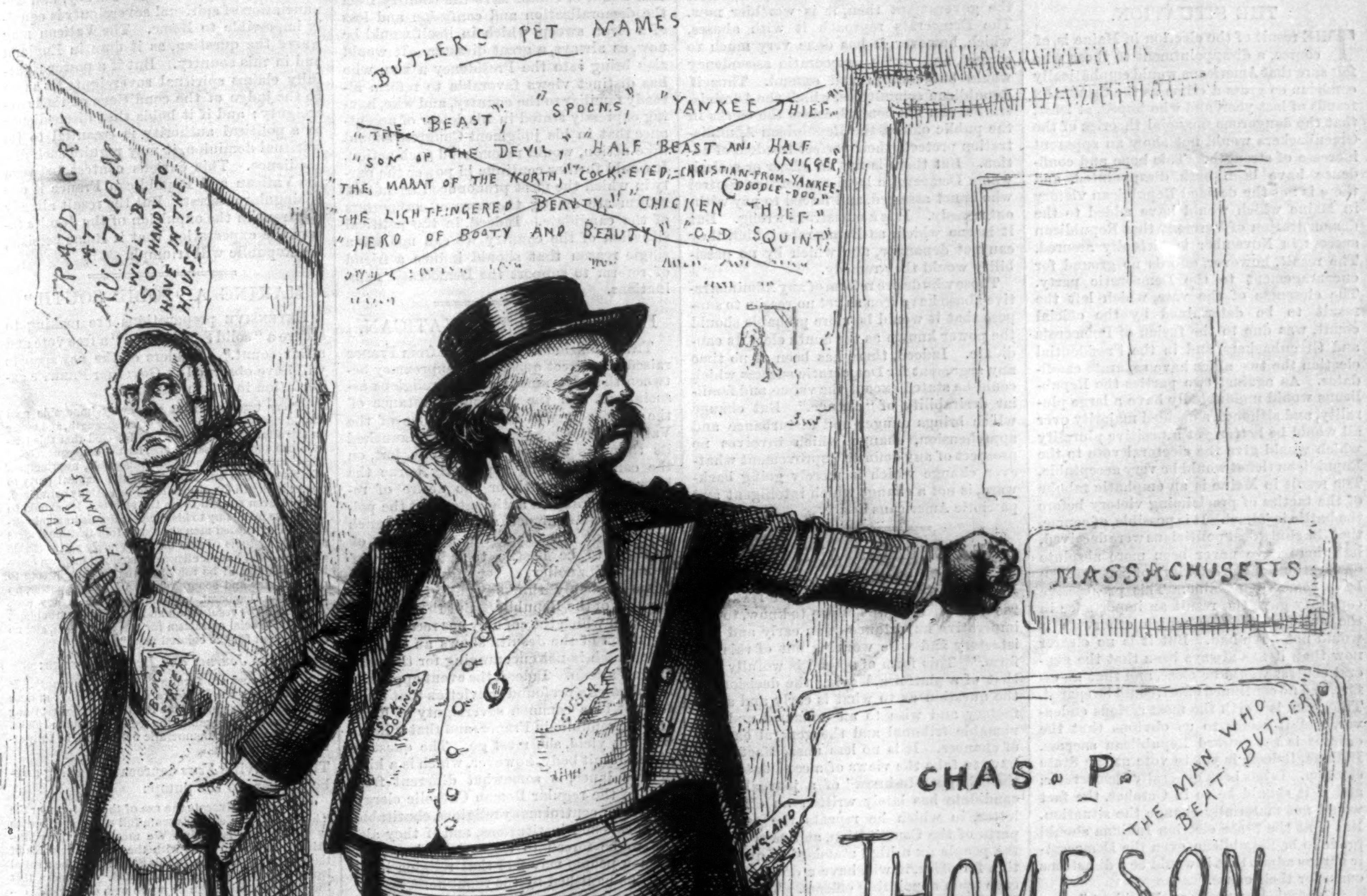


"THE TOODLES TICKET."

THE FIRST THING HE SEES ON RETURNING TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS—THOMPSON WITH A P!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1880.

NEW SERIAL BY MRS. LINTON.

A new serial story by the popular English novelist MRS. E. LYNN LINTON *begins in* HARPER'S BAZAR *for October 9. It is entitled*

"MY LOVE."

The readers of the BAZAR *will find it to be a very fascinating story.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No. 47, issued September 21, contains the Second Chapter of "Who was Paul Grayson?" an illustrated serial story by* JOHN HABBERTON, *author of "Helen's Babies"; "How Ted and Kitty Camped Out," illustrated; "Old Times in the Colonies," illustrated; "Half Afraid," a beautiful double-page engraving; the First Chapter of "Moonshiners," illustrated; and other attractive features.*

THE SITUATION.

THE result of the election in Maine is, of course, a disappointment to those who felt sure that Americans would emphatically condemn so gross a crime as the GARCELON frauds of last year, and who hoped, at least, that the dangerous financial theories of the Greenbackers would not show an apparent increase of strength. This hope and confidence have been both disappointed, and there is not the decided Republican victory in Maine which would have added to the demonstration of Vermont that Republican success in November is virtually assured. The result, however, affords no ground for encouragement to the Democratic party. The closeness of the vote, which left the result to be determined by the official count, was due to the fusion of Democrats and Greenbackers, and in the Presidential election the two allies have separate candidates. As against two parties the Republicans would undoubtedly have a large plurality, and although a decided majority over all would be better, yet a positive plurality which would give the electoral vote to the Republican ticket would be very acceptable. The result in Maine is an emphatic rebuke of the tactics of proclaiming victory before the battle is joined. It is possible, of course, that the shrewdest politicians were deceived, but there have never been more absolute declarations of the certainty of success than have come from Maine. This prospective certainty gave the result an importance in the national canvass which otherwise it would not have had. But it is no clearer now than it has always been that the general contest would be close, and that no effort, and no continued effort, could be spared. The stake is worth the most serious endeavor, and it seems to us obvious that the current is set toward Republican success. Indiana, indeed, is yet to vote at the State election. It has been generally Democratic, and if it should be so in October, the fact would not materially change the situation. But if at the State election Indiana should prove to be Republican, even the Democratic organs admit that it would be a disastrous omen for their cause.

"General HANCOCK as President," says the *Bystander*, a Canadian monthly review of current events, published at Toronto, "will be a most respectable cocked hat upon a pole, under which the South will rule; it will rule as it ruled in former days, because, though a minority, it is compact, united in interest, highly political, and because it knows its own mind. It rules in the present Congress, and by its strength of will forces its Northern allies to do things which they dislike and know to be impolitic." Thus to a sagacious foreign observer the essential significance of this election is as evident as it is to us who are engaged in it. Even Mr. BAYARD, who is generally held to be the most candid and patriotic of the Democratic leaders, makes a speech in South Carolina in which he argues that more financial disturbance is likely to arise from Republican than from Democratic success. Yet Mr. BAYARD, for sustaining the general Republican policy of honest finance, was very nearly deposed by his party from his position as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Democratic Senate, and the chief candidate of his party in Indiana is an inflationist. Mr. BAYARD in speaking in a Southern State carries coals to Newcastle. However the vote of South Carolina may be cast, it will be counted for HANCOCK, and Mr. BAYARD could spare his labor. Let him come to New York, and show why the ascendency of the South secured by such means would be a blessing to the country. He need not waste time in deploring what is called sectionalism. Either the North or the South, that is to say, the political views, spirit, and character known by those names, will prevail in the election. Mr. BAYARD is for the South. It is waste of time for him to talk to Southerners who stuff ballot-boxes about a "fraudulent" President; let him show to the people of New York why the section which stuffs ballot-boxes ought to control the Union. Vermont and Arkansas voted on the same day. The Democrats in Arkansas have suppressed the Republican vote. Southern Democratic speakers spoke at their will in Vermont. Let Mr. BAYARD show the people of New York why Arkansas is a preferable model of a political community to Vermont.

It is because the people of the country, uninfluenced by any immediate or specific question, are quietly reflecting upon the general significance and tendency of the two sections that every day is felt to increase the probability of General GARFIELD'S election. There has been no such change for the worse in public affairs and the condition of the country during the last four years that the party which was then constitutionally intrusted with the administration of the government should be now discarded. If it was thought worthy to control the government then, it is worthier now. The Democrats reproach it with abuses, which, however, it has done very much to correct, and which Democratic ascendency would but confirm and extend. Thus if Republican committees, which the Administration can not control, assess the clerks in the public offices, the Republican Administration protects their perfect freedom of action. But there is not an officer or a clerk whom Democratic local authorities control who is not assessed, and forced to pay without remedy. It is a monstrous wrong. But it is one which, as Democrats inflict, they can not denounce, and which by no possibility would they remedy.

Those who desire reform of any Administrative abuse have seen as yet no reason to suppose that it would be more probable should the power known as the South elect its candidate. Indeed, there has been at no time any argument for Democratic success which could be stated except the vague and familiar desirability of "change." But change which brings danger and disturbance and apprehension, change which involves no prospect of any definite improvement whatever, change which is merely going backward, is not a change which intelligent and patriotic Americans desire.

THE CAMPAIGN AND REFORM.

THE *World*, alluding to a reform in the civil service, says that General HANCOCK "is fully alive, as we happen to know, to the imperative importance of an early and satisfactory and wise working out of this reform." This form of speech is wofully like that of a platform, leaving the decision of the question as to what is early and satisfactory and wise to an unnamed and unnamable tribunal and the general chapter of chances. It is no less unsatisfactory to have to take the views of a candidate upon the "happen-to-know" of a journal. The candidate has lately written an elaborate letter, in which he repeats the essential parts of the Constitution, and says that if the people fix a high standard of qualification for office, it will have a decisive influence upon appointing officers. This is very far from saying that, if elected, General HANCOCK will not make a clean sweep; and it is impossible, however strong the desire, to believe that if he had a strong conviction upon the subject he would not have expressed it. General GARFIELD has here a very great advantage, for his views have been often and clearly expressed in Congress.

The *World* very truly says that the question is of primary importance, and no one who studies our politics with care but will agree with it. But if its implication be correct that General HANCOCK is opposed to removing subordinate officers because of their political opinions, it is based upon exclusive knowledge. If it had been supposed that General HANCOCK was so poor a Democrat as not to regard the offices as spoils, he would certainly not have been nominated; and if it were imagined that he would retain all the present honest and faithful incumbents, he would be universally deserted by his party at the polls. So far as we know, he has never said or written a word which implies that he would not do what General JACKSON set the great example of doing. Indeed, the *World's* article is but a specious plea for a clean sweep. It says that if postmasters are actively opposing General HANCOCK—and it is very obvious that the *World* is of opinion that they are so employed—they must expect to be removed if he should be elected. In case of Democratic success this would unquestionably be the result. The syllogism would be simple. Reform requires that postmasters should not be active politicians; but Republican postmasters are active politicians; therefore Republican postmasters must be removed.

The *World's* article is but another illustration of the desirability of definite views and action upon this great question. Every sign shows that the time is ripe for a concerted and intelligent popular movement for taking the minor public service out of politics, and the first step should be the organized popular agitation of the subject. It is essentially a non-partisan movement, and it must be prosecuted upon its own merits by those who are convinced of its vital importance, whatever their party sympathies may be. Whether a party, in the ordinary sense, can be formed for carrying the reform, is not to be considered. Parties, in this sense, form themselves. When the voters in any State, who consider this to be the paramount question, are numerous enough to give either party the majority of votes, the usual results will follow. Meanwhile, in the present canvass, while the reform is not a prominent issue in the speeches or the papers, it seems to us that it will be most promoted by Republican success, and for many reasons. Such success would of course save the country from the demoralization and confusion and loss of a clean sweep, which in itself would be now, as always, a great disaster. It would also bring into the Presidency a man who has distinct views favorable to reform already familiar to the country, and who, having expressly stated in his letter of acceptance that in his judgment Congress should take action, would recommend such action. It would further continue in power the party in which the most pronounced friends of reform are among the warmest supporters of the candidate. Indeed, in the political situation of the country we can not see a single reason that should induce a friend of reform to support the Democratic nominations.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

THE expulsion of the Jesuits from France raised the direct question of supremacy between the government and all religious associations. In the particular instance of the Jesuits it was also a defiance of the Vatican. Rome, however, has not launched its thunders against the republic, but, on the contrary, it has apparently borne the blow without wrath or the desire of revenge. Perhaps it anticipates that the policy can not be pursued, and that the French government must face the alternative of seeming to be hostile to religion or of changing its policy, either of which courses Rome probably thinks would injure the prestige of the Republic. But the tranquillity with which the country has received the expulsion of the Jesuits shows an indifference which is not encouraging for the view of the Vatican. Indeed, the event apparently indicates a profound conviction that there can not be a common sovereignty of Rome and the republic in France, and that if Rome will not yield, she must go. The question of the Jesuit body, however, which is a kind of free lance, is somewhat different from that of the regular Roman Catholic clergy. The latter control many religious, charitable, and academic institutions, and if they also are to be forced to close their doors, the French people may feel that religion itself is to be banished by the republic.

This situation makes the late speech of M. GAMBETTA, which is thought to have irritated the German government, more important, because it seemed to German critics to have been a defiance uttered at a moment when there was a promise of domestic division. But a late speech of M. FREYCINET, the Prime Minister, is more re-assuring to the prospects of peace. It was a singularly moderate and skillful address. Approaching the critical point, M. FREYCINET said that the democracy, or the people of France, wish to be educated, and that the government, therefore, is sedulously diffusing education, primary, secondary, and higher. "We hope," says the French Premier, "that in a few years the citizen who is unable to read and write will be a phenomenon undiscoverable in the French republic," and he added that the state teaching would not have to fear the competition of the religious orders. This brought him naturally and easily to the burning question, and he continued:

"We are depicted as enemies of religion. I need scarcely for my own part protest against this accusation. I have always respected and still profoundly respect religion. Nobody, moreover, seriously menaces it; and were it necessary, the government over which I have the honor to preside would, you may be assured, protect and defend it. But under the plea of religion, communities, not foreseen by the Concordat, must not claim to place themselves above the laws. It was at the moment when the enterprises of these bodies were exciting great apprehensions that we were called on by one of the public powers to enforce the laws. We have done so toward the most powerful and celebrated of all—the Society of Jesus. We have dissolved it. We have thus given immediate satisfaction to the sentiment of the Chamber of Deputies, at the same time have furnished an unquestionable proof of the authority of the laws. As for the other orders, the special decree pointed at them did not fix the date of their dissolution; it left us free to choose our own time. We shall be guided as regards them by the necessities to which their attitude will give rise, and, without our abandoning anything of the rights of the state, it will depend on them whether they deprive themselves of the benefit of the new bill we are preparing, which will settle in a general manner the conditions of all lay as well as religious associations."

In a word, M. FREYCINET proposes to "hedge." But whether this will be practically possible is to be seen. The essential point can not be yielded. Rome can not assume to contest the authority of the Republic in France without danger, and no Republican administration could wink at such an assumption without falling. The acquiescence of the country in what has been accomplished shows that for the government the bold policy is the safe policy. The right of France to choose its own form of government is incontestable; and whether Rome or any other foreign power questions that authority, France can not submit without practical subjugation. But, on the other hand, it is as necessary for the Vatican to claim supremacy as for Turkey to refuse to allow any authority but that of MOHAMMED to rule its provinces. Political reform is essentially impossible to Turkey, and renunciation of spiritual sovereignty is equally impossible to Rome. The Vatican may waive the question, as it does in England and in this country. But if a power rightfully claims spiritual sovereignty, it must be the judge of the conditions of that sovereignty; and if it holds that disobedience to a political authority is essential to its spiritual dominion, it may require such disobedience. This curious contest between the Vatican and Republican France is one of singular interest. But the result already apparent in the expulsion of the Jesuits favors the expectation that if Rome persists, the Republic will triumph.

MAKING A "SOLID SOUTH."

EXTENSIVE preparations are making to secure a "solid South," and "a free vote and a fair count." Readers of the newspapers will have observed ex-Governor PERRY'S exhortation in South Carolina:

"Every true Democrat and every honorable man should rise up in the majesty of his strength, and swear on the altar of his country and his God that this [Republican success] shall not be, let the consequences be what they may. The poor, miserable, unprincipled white man who tries to restore the Radical party to power in South Carolina should be socially ostracized, and not even spoken to on the streets. He should be treated as an enemy to his race. 'Hostis humani generis.' The colored man should be told that his leaders are making tools of him only to gratify their pitiable ambition, and have a chance of stealing his hard earnings. He should be told, too, that if he will vote to place rogues and scoundrels in office and power, no honorable Democrat will employ him in any way. This should be resolved on and adhered to throughout the State—social ostracism for the white man, and no employment for the colored man."

The Aiken *Journal and Review* remarks:

"The negroes are forming all over the county. It then behooves the Democrats to go to work at once and forestall the plans of the Radicals. The first thing to be done is to reorganize the red-shirt mounted clubs. Let every meeting, Democratic or Radical, be fully attended by them."

The Greenville *News* deprecates nailing anybody's ears to the pump:

"We do not advocate the use of the shot-gun or the "bull-whip." We do advocate full use of such means as we can use lawfully. We mean that the white-skinned man who joins with the corrupt remains of the party of corruption in this State should be a social leper—shunned, despised, and hated. We mean that the white-skinned man or negro who deliberately enters the fight for a Radical State ticket will do so with the understanding that he will hereafter receive no favors or recognition from white men. Let them understand that there will be no employment for them where it is possible to avoid it; that there will be no credit given them; that from them the last farthing will be relentlessly exacted; that the kindness of masters will cease."

The Red Shirt clubs and the general white Democratic attendance at Republican meetings are the present form of the Ku-Klux. The more active and heroic methods of midnight hunting, harrying, scourging, and ear-cropping of Republicans, the flagrant terror of "the Mississippi plan" and the shot-gun, have largely subdued and suppressed the Republican voters in the districts where they are a majority, so that tissue ballots and false counts will now generally secure the desired result. But the Democrats are still obliged to take some trouble, as appears from this recent special dispatch to the Columbia *Register*, describing a Republican meeting at Abbeville:

"The Radicals are in session, nominating delegates to the State Convention. There was a slim turn-out. The stores are closed, and the Democrats will attend.

"*Later.*—The meeting was captured by the Democrats. Colonel COTHAN, and WALLINGFORD, an elector on the Greenback ticket of Indiana, made speeches, and the Rads dispersed."

The usual Democratic treatment of these facts is either to sneer that to allude to them is to wave the bloody shirt and to foster a wicked sectionalism, or else to dismiss them with the remark that if a majority permits a minority to impose upon it, there is nothing to be done. There is, however, one thing to be done, and it is now doing. When a body of voters, like the colored Republicans of many districts in the Southern States, whether a majority or minority, are bulldozed by white Democrats,

and by such a concerted system elections are carried, in which the people of every district in the Union are directly interested, those people will properly make this crime the chief issue in the election, and they will combine in a party to do what they can to remedy or to baffle that wrong, however they may differ upon other questions. This is the explanation of the perfect union of the Republican party, and of the harmonious tone of its speeches in this canvass. Honest voting and fair counting are the most fundamental of questions in a popular government, and when a party seeks success not by a free vote and a fair count, but by such means as we have described, that attempt dwarfs all other issues.

AN ABSURD ARGUMENT.

It has been suggested that as New York is the essential State in the election, its electoral vote could be secured for General Garfield if the Governor would call an extra session of the Legislature, and recommend repeal of the present law and an election by the Legislature. This is not a new suggestion. Mr. Charles O'Conor said last spring that no party which had so great an advantage within its grasp would ever relinquish it, and he had therefore no doubt that this course would be taken. If the revival of the proposition were intended as a "feeler," it has signally failed. There has been no demand for a call of the Legislature for such a purpose, and if it were summoned it would be interesting to see upon what grounds the Governor would rest a recommendation to change the law in the manner designated.

But the proposition has been opposed by absurd and untenable arguments. There is no doubt that if the Governor should convene the Legislature, and recommend upon his responsibility as a measure of the highest public welfare that the Legislature should resume the power of appointing Presidential electors, which it exercised for many years after the establishment of the government, the proceeding would be perfectly constitutional and legally unassailable. There might be differences of opinion as to its expediency, and a very serious question whether it might not defeat its own purpose. We have no doubt, indeed, that a party which, under existing circumstances, should adopt such a course, would be dismissed from power at the very first legal opportunity. But however unwise and foolish and fatal to the party adopting it such a proceeding would be, it would still be perfectly constitutional and legal. The legislative action would have precisely the same warrant with the annual appropriations for the State government.

When, therefore, it is said that Congress "would not give its official sanction to a trick intended to circumvent the choice of the people," it is said that Congress would attempt a revolution. By what authority would Congress assume to reject the votes of electors appointed in unquestionable and unquestioned accordance with the Constitution of the United States? By what authority would Congress assume to annul the concededly constitutional law of a State as "a trick"? Congress could no more lawfully decline to count the vote of electors constitutionally appointed by the Legislature of New York than it could decline to count the vote of electors constitutionally appointed by the voters of New York. The opinion of a party majority in Congress that constitutional State action is "a trick" is of no more importance than a similar opinion held by any newspaper or private citizen. It is ludicrous to see such a statement advanced as an argument against any legislative action. If the people of New York by their lawful representatives should constitutionally change the law for the appointment of electors, the refusal of Congress to recognize the perfect validity of their action would be open revolution, and it is very much more anarchical to propose or to justify such refusal than to suggest a repeal of the present New York law. There is no evidence, however, that a call of the Legislature for the purpose of repeal has been seriously entertained, nor is there any reason to suppose that if the Legislature were convened the majority would take the dangerous risk to their own party prospects of changing the method of appointment.

SPIKES FOR DEMOCRATIC GUNS.

The Democratic charges of reckless waste and extravagance in Republican administration are made with convenient vagueness. They are peremptory assertions, which the hearer is often unable promptly to contradict, and which sometimes put the ill-informed Republican at a disadvantage. He may wisely arm himself with the following spikes for this Democratic gun, which were furnished by Secretary Sherman in his late speech at Cincinnati. In the last year of Democratic executive administration the loss to the Treasury by the defalcation of public officers was $3 81 on $1000, while under the present Republican administration it is one-third of a cent on the same amount.

The Secretary's words are substantially an official statement. He says:

"Again this Administration has effected a striking reduction of the expenses of those branches of the public service over which the Executive has complete control. The appropriation for the collection of the customs revenue is a permanent one, entirely dependent for the amount of its expenditure upon the Treasury Department. While the revenues of the government have enormously increased, the expenditures have been largely diminished. The expense of collecting over $188,000,000 customs during the last fiscal year was only three and one-tenth per cent., while the expense of collecting $53,000,000 in 1860, during President Buchanan's time, was six and two-tenths per cent. on the amount collected—just double. On the 1st of July last there was returned to the Treasury $2,000,000 of money that had been saved out of the appropriation for the collection of the customs revenue; and in the expenses for refunding the loan, for which an appropriation of one-half of one per cent. is made, the Treasury Department returned to the Treasury on the 1st of July last $1,000,000 saved. The Secretary of the Navy has returned to the Treasury very large sums, saved by a careful and honest administration of that department. There was carried to the surplus fund on the 30th of June, 1880, $8,434,416, money appropriated for the different departments for that year, and remaining unexpended. Does any one believe that a Democratic Administration could have attained these results?"

Or does any one believe that a Democratic Administration, controlled by "the South," and making a clean sweep of all the minor offices of administration, would attain these results during the next four years?

But the Democratic party has had a majority in Congress for nearly five years in one branch, and for nearly two years in both. What has it done to secure the reform which it declares to be indispensable? Secretary Sherman answers this question also:

"It set out with a great pretense of reducing the expenditures of the government. It clipped here and there the salaries of clerks, or reduced their number, and in some cases seriously obstructed the public business. It withheld necessary appropriations for a time to show a reduction of expenses, but was compelled to make them good by deficiency bills. In 1875—the last year in which the Republicans had a majority in both Houses—the appropriations were $147,714,940. At the next session the Democrats controlled the House, and by refusing to appropriate for some of the most necessary expenses of the government, reduced the appropriations to $124,122,010, and the following year, in order to coerce the President, by a failure to pass the Army Bill, and to provide for other necessary expenses, they reduced the appropriations to $88,356,983, but at the following session, to make good these deficiencies, and to repair the faults committed, they appropriated $172,016,809, being $25,000,000 more than was appropriated in 1876; and in 1880 they appropriated $162,404,647; and for 1881 they have appropriated $154,118,212, or $7,000,000 more than the appropriations made the last year the Republicans controlled the House. Thus it appears that the boasted economy of a Democratic House, in a time of profound peace, in spite of the large reductions made by a Republican Administration, has resulted in an increase of appropriations from year to year. During all this time the Democrats have proposed no reduction of taxes, and no measure of relief to the industrial interests of the country."

This is the kind of political literature that the thoughtful patriot may usefully paste in his hat.

"AN OLD WAR-HORSE."

It is now announced that the pungent and capital satire "An Old War-Horse to a Young Politician," published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, was written by Mr. William H. McElroy, of the Albany *Evening Journal*, the bright point of whose pen has been long known "in the profession." There has not been so clever and humorous a pricking of the familiar partisan sophistry which exhorts every member of the party to stand fast "this time," and "to keep in line" until another election. It drives its lesson home with a laugh which clenches it much more closely than a sermon, and we have a right to expect much from a hand so quick and skillful as this sketch shows Mr. McElroy's to be.

WOMEN VOTING IN NEW YORK.

For the first time, this year, at the eleven thousand district school meetings in the State of New York, on the 12th of October, women may vote. They may lawfully vote in every district for school trustees, district clerk, tax collector, and librarian, upon questions of taxation, and all other questions that may come lawfully before the meeting. This is a most important change. In many districts undoubtedly it will be greatly regretted, but as the law permits it, it should be fully considered, and such preparation made as good sense and the situation may suggest.

The law provides that the following women may vote, provided that they are natives of the country, or naturalized American citizens, or that since October 12, 1874, they have declared their intention to become citizens, namely: every woman whose child has attended the district school eight weeks or more since October 12, 1879; every woman with whom a motherless child lives which has so attended; every woman who hires taxable land, house, or part of taxable house in the district; every woman who works land on shares; every woman who owns fifty dollars' worth of clothing or furniture not required for daily use; every woman who owns stocks or bonds other than those of the United States, or has money in bank, or other personal property, to the value of fifty dollars or more. If her vote is challenged, she has simply to swear it in; and if she does so, then, under section 13 of title VII. of the general school laws, her vote must be received.

We take this statement from a paper carefully prepared and issued by the Woman Suffrage State Committee. It is evident that in districts where the population is very large, a full attendance of women will lead to an indefinite protraction of the meeting, because the larger part of the women will be required to verify their right to vote. It is also anticipated that in many districts the increase of the vote will be of a kind to produce serious changes in the general management of the schools. The law was changed upon the recommendation of the Governor, and by an immense majority of the Legislature, although there had been no general popular discussion of the subject, and it will be very interesting to watch the practical results of a change so radical. It will test at once the force of the common objections to this extension of the suffrage, and show whether, as has been constantly alleged, the consequence will be that, while the vote is numerically increased, its intelligence is diminished, and that schools now well administered will be at once cursed with sectarian and partisan management. The change will throw great light upon a warmly disputed question, and every public-spirited citizen will study the results with keen curiosity.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Those who despair of the prospects of administrative reform do not heed the signs of the times. Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster-General of Great Britain, recently explained in Parliament the method of appointment of postmasters of more than $600 a year in England, and of more than $500 a year in Scotland and Ireland. Such appointments are made by the Postmaster-General strictly from persons within the office. Public notice is given that anybody in the service may apply through his official superiors, and there is special warning that application through members of Parliament or others will prejudice rather than promote the object in view. Mr. Fawcett added:

"So far as my own feelings on the subject are concerned, I am so desirous that these appointments should be non-political that in not one of the appointments I have made have I been aware of the political opinions of the person I have selected."

This may be expected, perhaps, in England, where the great advantage of the reformed system to the public service has been fully proved. It is, however, very significant that the head of the New York Post-office, who has satisfied himself of the superiority of the "merit" system, as opposed to that of patronage, expresses the same opinion. When a political committee recently sent circulars to the clerks in the Post-office virtually assessing them in specified sums toward the expenses of the election, Mr. James promptly posted a notice strictly forbidding such assessments by any officer under his control, leaving the question of voluntary contribution to the decision of each officer.

This might have been supposed to be mere conformity with the order of the President. But in an interview with a newspaper reporter Mr. James frankly expresses his own views. The remark of Messrs. Fawcett and James as to the desirability of a non-partisan service is the more striking because they are both very positive party men. There is not a more Liberal Liberal in England than Mr. Fawcett, nor a more Republican Republican in the United States than Mr. James. The latter said to the reporter:

"I am not an advocate of the system of levying forced assessments, and do not intend to permit it at this office. If one of my clerks or carriers desires to give anything he possesses to a committee, he is at liberty to do so; but he must make the contribution of his own free-will and accord, and not under fear of being dismissed from his position. I am opposed to politics in the postal department, especially in the New York city branch, and hope that some time the matter of whether a man is a Democrat or a Republican will be kept entirely out of consideration. If any of my clerks choose to vote for the Greenback candidate, it is immaterial to me, and I do not intend that they shall be dictated to in the matter of political assessments."

PERSONAL.

Harper & Brothers have published a German translation of Edmund Kirke's interesting and authentic life of General Garfield. The translation, which is the work of an eminent German scholar, contains all the illustrations of the English edition, and is published at the same price. It is an excellent campaign document for circulation among our German fellow-citizens.

—The late Marshall O. Roberts, who died on the 11th of September at Saratoga, was entitled to all the encomiums that have been paid to him by the press and in the pulpit. He was a representative man—one of the very best New York has produced—sagacious, enterprising, doing everything on a large scale, irreproachable in morals, amiable and unassuming in manners, a lover of art, and a stanch friend of artists. He was also a man of wide but unostentatious benevolence, and in the days when the existence of the nation was in peril his fortune, as well as his clear-headed and far-sighted counsels, was always at the service of the government. He was one of the true merchant princes of America, and deserved all the fame and fortune he had so honorably won.

—Joseph Cuzno, a Sicilian, who died a few days since at the Jay homestead in Bedford, Westchester County, at the age of eighty-four, entered the service of the late Chief Justice John Jay in 1813, and lived in his household for sixteen years, and until the death of the Chief Justice. Since then he had lived with different members of the Jay family.

—Dr. Hugh Glenn, the foremost of California farmers, who this year has 45,000 acres in wheat, has 350,000 sacks ready, each holding 140 pounds, and is afraid that these will not contain all his crop. Dr. Glenn is a Virginian, and was a soldier in the war with Mexico.

—Lord Beaconsfield is as much the object of curiosity and admiration as he was when at the zenith of his power and fame as Prime Minister. A few days since he appeared, quite unexpected and alone, in the House of Commons, and in gala costume, the edge of a white waistcoat showing above his closely fitting frock-coat, and his hands gloved in daintiest lavender kid. He had a stick with him, not a stout, serviceable blackthorn, such as common persons are glad to equip themselves with when they have passed the limit of threescore years and ten, but a handsome cane of the fashionable "crutch" order of architecture. In the famous picture of Dizzy which D'Orsay drew he is prominently displaying in jewelled hand a tasselled cane, is bedecked with rings and chains, and a wealth of hair falls over his white forehead. He has given up the tassel, has added a hook to his cane, and has given away his rings and chains, but still he clings to his bountiful hair.

—Even the philosophers sometimes have the laugh turned on them. Not long since, in the presence of Herbert Spencer, a little boy said, "What an awful lot of crows!" The philosopher corrected the youth by saying, "I have yet to learn, little master, that there is anything to inspire awe in such a bird as the crow." For once the author of first principles had met his match. The boy replied: "But I didn't say there was. I didn't say, What a lot of awful crows! but, What an awful lot of crows!" Sound, for the boy.

—Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who is known as a sort of apostle to the Indians, recently consecrated at Leech Lake the Indian Church of the Good Shepherd. A crowded congregation of Indians was present. The church was the gift of the late Miss Josie Smith, of New York, who left a bequest to build the church. Thirty-eight Indians were confirmed by the bishop.

—In a recent number of the London *World* is a pleasant sketch of Mr. H. J. Byron, the dramatist, for whose latest play, *The Upper Crust*, Mr. J. L. Toole gave $25,000—the largest cash-down price ever paid for a play. The writer says: "Not many people outside the range of intimate personal friends are privileged to see Mr. Byron 'at home.' If his friends might hint at a fault, he is too absolutely domesticated. He lives between Eccleston Square and the bright peaceful rural home at Sutton. The cynical humor which finds expression in his characters on the stage, whether simply written or actually personated, is distilled from his habitual and ordinary way of regarding life. On the stage he talks and looks exactly as he does at home, and at home he is not less outwardly cynical and inwardly good-natured than is Sir Simon Simple. He bubbles over with good things, which are current in all society, and are often entertained unawares by the comic journals. He is, perhaps, the only actor on any stage who walks out before the foot-lights in the clothes in which he drove down to the theatre."

—Mr. Frederick Douglass recently addressed a large audience at Pendleton, Indiana. On the platform were seated several Indianians who had seen him mobbed and left for dead on that very spot thirty-seven years ago. The woman who dressed his wounds after the mob had left him was among them. As Mr. Douglass referred eloquently to those events there was scarcely a dry eye in the crowd.

—The tomb of Mr. Percival Hart, of Lullingstone Castle, England, ancestor of Sir William Hart Dyke (Lord Beaconsfield's "whipper-in" in the House of Commons), has this inscription: "The curious inspector of these monuments will see a short account of an ancient family, for more than four centuries content with a moderate estate, not wasted by luxury nor increased by avarice. May their posterity, emulating their virtues, long enjoy their possessions." This inscription bears the date of 1738.

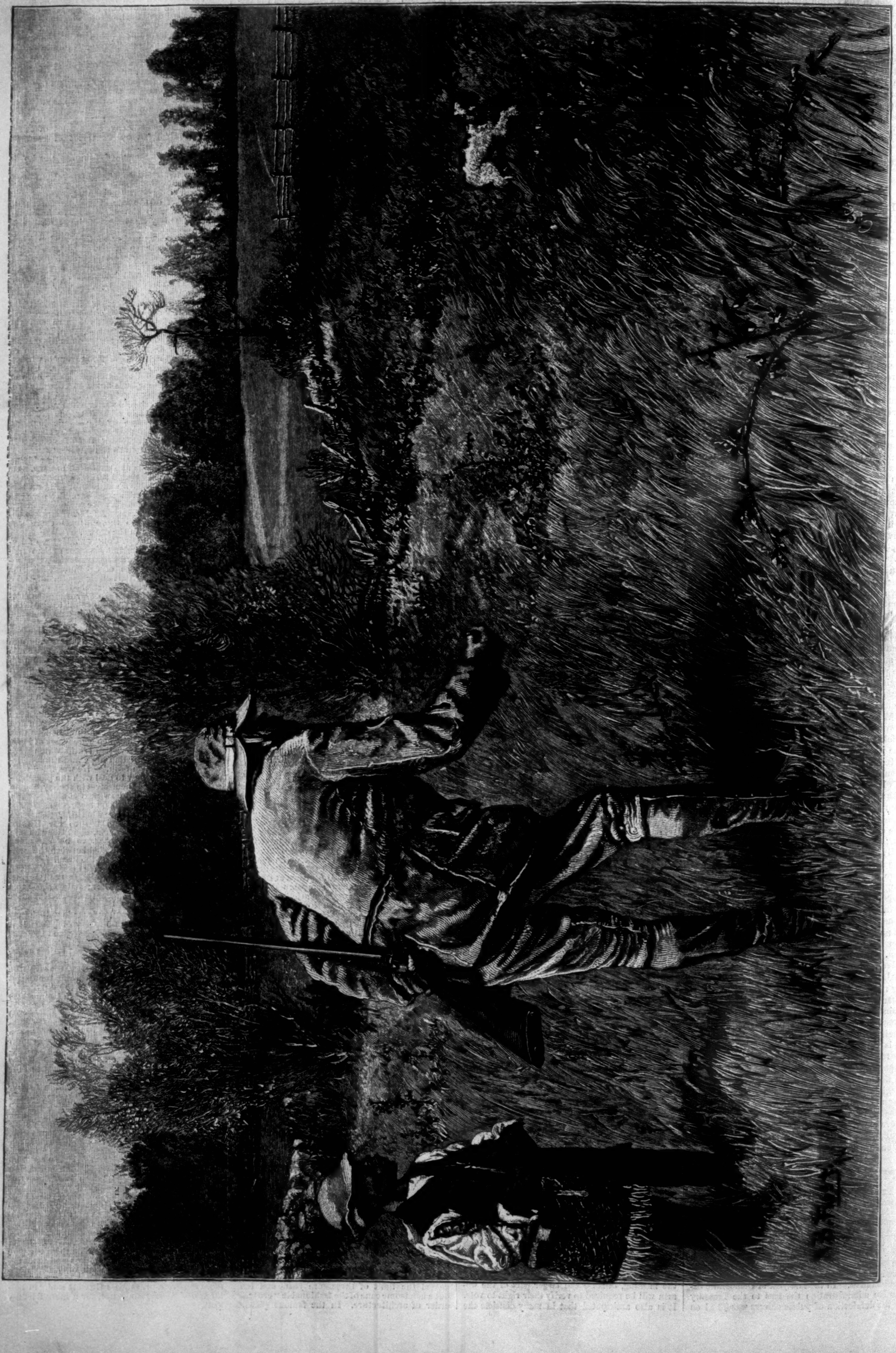
—The Bishop of Manchester is not only one of the ablest preachers on the English episcopal bench, but one of the most practical. In a recent sermon he made a protest against so much attention being paid to "disputable arguments and questionable points of doctrine" in the present state of society. There was, he said, a truth in the remark recently made by Mr. John Bright that men were weary of dogma. "They were weary of it as it had been fulminated again and again from pulpits, but he did not believe that Mr. Bright meant that men were weary of hearing of those great Christian truths which were the basis of all Christian hope and the foundation of all Christian faith." He was filled with anxiety to know how to deal with the phenomena which presented themselves in society, and he could not understand how men could persuade themselves to waste time on mere puerilities.

—Among the curious "windfalls" that have occurred recently: $2,500,000 to Sir Henry Havelock, from his cousin, conditioned upon adding the name of Allan to his surname; $300,000 to be equally divided between the British Life-boat Institution and the Royal Free Hospital, from an old miser who for many years lived in a state of utter misery; $325,000 to the British Museum, from a barrister; and $100,000 to a policeman at Woolwich from a deceased relative in America.

—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is made quite happy by the recent receipt of a legacy of $200,000 for the benefit of his Pastor's College, and $125,000 for his Orphanage.

—When the British government retires a diplomatic servant, it is upon no niggardly pension. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, recently deceased at the age of ninety-two, was the oldest as well as the best pensioner in the diplomatic service of that country, his pension being $8930 per annum. Sir Andrew Buchanan, Lord Napier and Ettrick, and Earl Cowley draw $8500 each, and there are five other diplomatic pensions of $6500 a year. Those who are curious to see a clever sketch of the late Lord Stratford de Redcliffe will find one in Mr. E. C. Grenville Murray's pleasant volume, *The Roving Englishman*, where his lordship is depicted as Sir Hector Stubble.

—The first wife of Mr. Coutts, the banker (the mother of Lady Burdett, and grandmother of the Baroness who is to marry Mr. Ashmead Bartlett), was a servant in Coutts's house. He took a fancy to her, had her carefully educated, and married her. Of the second wife, Mrs. Mellon, the actress, an amusing sketch may be found in *Vivian Grey*, where she figures as Mrs. Million. Mrs. M. was asked to a nobleman's place in the country, with an intimation that as the house was very full, "she must not come with five carriages-and-four, as she did last year." So she came with but three; and thus Disraeli describes it: "Out of the first descended the mighty lady herself, with some noble friends, who formed the most distinguished part of her suite. Out of the second came her physician, Dr. Sly; her toad-eater, Miss Gussett; her secretary, and her page. The third carriage bore her groom of the chambers and three female attendants. There were only two men-servants to each equipage. Nothing could be more *moderate*, or, as Miss Gussett said, 'in better taste.'" Certainly not, for a mere friendly visit.



GUN-SHY.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ.—[See Page 630.]

LOVE'S CONTRADICTIONS.

My love is as fair as the blossoms of spring;
As sweet as June roses is she;
But what shall I do when her merry dark eyes
Refuse with her lips to agree?
My heart—as she knows—is forever her own:
It slipped from my keeping one day,
And though I made haste to command its return,
The truant refused to obey.

She knows I am waiting a sober reply
To a question I asked long ago;
But, alas! while her eyes shine a positive yes,
Her saucy red lips answer no.
Now what can be done with a maiden like her?
My heart on the *qui vive* remains,
First hoping, then longing, then fearing, alas!
To be cruelly teased for my pains.

There never was seen so provoking a love,
Nor half so bewitching, indeed,
And I am so truly her captive that still
I follow where'er she may lead.
Oh, which are the truer, I wonder, and which
Can I make up my mind to believe?
I'll trust the dear eyes, for red lips are oft false,
But the eyes—they can never deceive.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ.

The 23d of September is the hundredth anniversary of a capital event in our war of independence—the capture at Tarrytown of Major André, Adjutant-General of the British Army. Great preparations have been made to celebrate the day in the manner supposed to be best adapted to arouse American patriotism; well-known orators will address the crowds which are to be gathered from all the country around, salutes by order of Congress will be fired from United States batteries and vessels of war sent up the river for the purpose, and the new monument will be unveiled. In this monument the old one, erected in 1853, now cleaned, repaired, and elevated, serves as base for a new bronze figure, heroic size, of a scout in the uniform of 1776. The execution of this figure, intrusted simply to a manufacturer of bronzes, is said to be on the whole not unsatisfactory, and the cultured residents of the neighborhood, it is hoped, may congratulate themselves that, if they have not gained an artistic treasure, there is at least nothing to shock good taste. The features of the landscape in the midst of which the monument stands are so striking that it is not difficult to call before the mind the picture presented on that autumn morning a hundred years ago as the ill-starred young officer came riding down the river road. Few tasteful villas were then to be seen with carriage drives and close-trimmed turf, but, all along the hill-side, farms and farm-houses, orchards and reaches of woodland, down to the edge of the majestic river, beyond which, to the southward, stood as now the bare precipices of the Palisades, and to the northward, across the Tappan Zee, the wooded hills of Nyack. The Major himself makes a pleasant central figure, with his handsome, intelligent face and graceful bearing, but it is probable that he is paying equally slight attention to the beauties of the landscape and to his own appearance, for he has passed a night of sleepless anxiety at "Miller's," a few miles up the road, and is now hastening to the shelter of the British lines. Every school-boy remembers the story, perhaps better than some older boys, how the traitor Benedict Arnold, corresponding with André, under assumed names, offered to sell the strong fortress of West Point to the British, and how André, having come up the river on the sloop of war *Vulture* to consummate the bargain, and gone ashore in a boat sent by Arnold, was unable to return on board, and adopted the course which cost him his life. Behind yonder stone wall lie three armed men, not regular soldiers of the American army, it is true, nor, on the other hand, "bush-whackers," as it has been their hard lot to be called by certain persons overdesirous to please English ears, but yeomen of the State, keeping watch, under the Governor's proclamation, to cut off supplies from the British army, and protect our farms from pillage. They arrest him; discover in his stockings plans of West Point and lists of our troops; they refuse his offers of ransom, amounting to a fortune in their estimation, and hand him over to the regular service.

The details of his short captivity, of his trial by court-martial by fourteen of our officers of highest rank, and his execution at Tappan on the 2d of October, are too familiar to need repeating. His fate excited in England a storm of indignation, which has long since subsided into acquiescence in its justice; but in this country the strong sympathy always felt for the gallant and amiable young man has taken from time to time the shape of attacks on the character of his captors, and of harsh criticism on Washington himself, and it culminated last year, to use the words of the London *Academy* (January 31, 1880), "in the erection of a monument to his memory on the very spot where he lost his life."

Such sympathy evidently rests on the assumption that nothing in his share of the transaction with Arnold is repugnant to a fine sense of honor, and this assumption is worthy a few minutes' consideration. A prominent clergyman and editor recently expressed the opinion that there is nothing inherently dishonorable in the office of spy. Probably few army officers would agree with him. It is true that the hanging of one when caught is a measure, not of retribution, but defense. His attack, the more dangerous for being secret, must be made dangerous to himself, and as his weapon is not force, but deceit, so it is met, not by the bayonet, but the rope. All parties concede, with more or less reluctance, the necessity of employing him occasionally, but it is rarely, and only under pressure of greatest need, that his post is sought by men of honor, for it involves disguise and deception, probably also falsehood such as many a delicate woman has suffered martyrdom to avoid. The subornation of treachery is another means of weakening an enemy equally repugnant to the feelings, but it is also regretfully admitted. André's celebrated letter to Washington, perhaps as good a presentation of his case as can be made, acknowledges that he was engaged in this subornation, but asserts his right to be so; it admits, what, indeed, it was useless to deny, all the attendant circumstances, but defends them all, including the use of the flag and safe-conduct, as necessary parts of the negotiation—except the one fact of being in disguise within our lines, which he declares to have been unintentional, involuntary.

Our inquiry thus resolves itself into these questions:

1. Was this negotiation so conducted by André that none of the infamy of it could attach to him even had he never come within our lines?

2. Was it honorable for André to use a flag of truce in such a negotiation?

3. Was André's assumption when within our lines of "the odious character of a spy" (his own words) involuntary and unavoidable?

Let us first consider the true character, the real moral worth, of the man whose conduct in this crisis of his life and of our history is now before us. His good looks and graceful bearing, his amiability and the fascination of his manner, every one has heard of: they must have been great, for not the ladies only—who went into mourning for him—but sedate men, were impressed by them. His literary ability was considerable, his artistic taste and conversational talent were a passport to the best society in this country, and the union of so many attractive qualities made him in England long regretted in a literary circle which did much to perpetuate his memory. However, although a brave soldier, his rapid promotion was not won in the field, and in the present ill-fated expedition his successive blunders show the "carpet knight" whose flesh has not been hardened nor nerve steadied by daily active service. Here stands out also the radical defect in his character, *want of breadth and weight*—a defect shown in this time of trial to be so great that it would always in any hour of strong temptation have made his conduct problematical. Evidently his were not the thews and sinews to bear up so weighty an enterprise; he staggered under it from the first, and it presently crushed him to the earth.

We can not but admit that the winning back of a "rebel" to his allegiance was in itself a laudable action for a British officer; and indeed it is only fair to say that if we except the carrying off of the books and pictures from Benjamin Franklin's house in Philadelphia, and perhaps also the use of his acquaintance with the lovely and guileless Mrs. Arnold, we have nothing but praise to give to André's conduct in America, up to the time of his arrival in Haverstraw Bay. Here, however, we mark a sudden change. Arnold is found quite unable, owing to the enthusiastic loyalty of his officers and men, to agree to surrender West Point until they themselves, after actual fighting, feel further resistance to be hopeless, and therefore proposes so to dispose his troops that they may fall an easy prey to a sudden attack from an unexpected quarter. That this dastardly proposition should be made to a British officer may well surprise us; that it should be entertained by Major André is a sad undeception. He does, however, entertain it; he agrees to pay (probably about twenty thousand pounds sterling and the rank of Major-General) for it; he spends a night and a day in maturing the plan; he himself is to lead the British troops in the gray of dawn to the massacre of the betrayed and scattered patriots; and for this he also expects to be paid, and in the coin he most covets—with promotion to the rank, as he hoped, of Major-General. In answer, then, to our first question we can not but pronounce his share in this infamous negotiation, in the words of the late Mr. Raymond, "contrary alike to all principles of religion, morality, and chivalry," and to the instinct of every true and generous heart.

Sir Henry Clinton asserted (what André himself denied) that the latter came into our lines under a flag of truce. It is certain that André made known his presence on the *Vulture* by false letters sent ashore in a British boat under a flag; that the boat which brought out the replies came under a flag, and that the one in which he subsequently went ashore was to have had one, according to Arnold's promise, whether it actually did so or not. The dignified reply of Washington, that a flag was never designed for such uses, has been always accepted, and more than once eloquently amplified by writers on this subject, and in answer to our second question we can not but conclude with Alexander Hamilton—certainly a kind and sympathetic judge—that also "this is against him, that he once prostituted a flag."

We now proceed to the third question. Major André came ashore from the *Vulture* in full uniform, and landed on a spot which he supposed to be neutral ground. He was evidently not yet a spy. A few hours later, when the challenge of a sentinel warned him that he had reached our lines, he was not in disguise, he bore no compromising papers, he was free to return as he had come; in which case he would have justified his words to Washington "that he had fairly risked his person," for there would have been some risk, and it would have been the risk of a soldier, and not of a spy. At any time during the next day he might have refused to proceed further with the negotiation, and demanded to be sent back under a flag. There might, again, have been some risk from suspicious subordinates, and there would certainly have been a violent scene with Arnold, which to a man of André's character would be more formidable than any personal danger; but the sole insurmountable obstacle in the way was his own reluctance to give up an enterprise promising him such rich reward, for through this whole transaction is diffused the taint of self-interest. On the second evening of his stay on shore Major André had come to a decision, and next morning the deed was accomplished. He had assumed voluntarily, deliberately, "the odious character of a spy," and not one element of that character was wanting: disguise in the changed clothing, falsehood in the fictitious name, secret information in the papers hidden in his stockings, and the *expectation of reward*, were all there.

It was for high stakes that the young officer was playing, and he played a desperate game. He had already thrown down his honor, he now staked his life—and lost.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE PLACARD.

It was with some impatience that Uncle Stephen awaited that afternoon the return from the City of Mr. Barlow, who, as was usual now, was to make one of the little party of three at dinner. It was strange and sad enough to sit down to table without either host or hostess (for Uncle Stephen always considered himself a lodger), but to have Amy for his sole companion the old man felt would be insupportable. She had remained with her sister the whole day since their interview, but he feared that she might come down before dinner-time, as she sometimes did, at Sabey's request, to keep him company. He had nothing to reproach himself with, of course, but he well knew how bitterly she was reproaching him; and he was anxious to have a few words of explanation with Mr. Barlow before they all met together. His views of the young lawyer had changed of late, and much for the better. He had been favorably impressed with the firmness with which he had resisted those proofs against Matthew which he had himself deemed overwhelming; and now that he had been perforce convinced by the identification of Butt with Helston, the secret was a common bond that drew them together more closely, perhaps, than under other circumstances could have been possible. Accordingly, on hearing Barlow's ring at the door, somewhat before the usual time, Uncle Stephen hurried into the little hall and with his own hands admitted—Mr. Signet.

"I am glad to see you, my dear sir," said the jeweller, in a hushed and anxious voice. "I have brought some news with me which it is quite as well should be for your private ear in the first instance. How is—how are the ladies?"

"They are up stairs. Step this way." And he led him softly down to the smoking-room. "Your news is bad news, of course?"

"Well, that is as it may be; not altogether, perhaps. It is a declaration of war—the enemy has fired the first shot."

"The enemy! What enemy?"

"Lady Pargiter, of course. She threatened as much nearly a week ago, but she thought better of it. Something must have happened in the mean time."

"She has been here this morning," remarked Mr. Durham.

"Here! In Cavendish Grove? Impossible."

"Yes; in consequence of a letter addressed to her by Mrs. Helston. It may have been an injudicious step, perhaps, but it was well meant. We must make every allowance for a woman placed in so distressed and unexampled a position. Her object was to win Lady Pargiter over to her own views as to Matthew's innocence. I have not heard the result, but I have no doubt that she failed. Lady Pargiter, as I have gathered, is not one to be easily moved."

"Moved? I should think not. They say a diamond has a tear within it (though I never found one), and it is therefore possible that that woman—who is so hard and inflexible—may possess such a thing. But it would never be provoked by pity. Perhaps if you trod on her corns—she looks as if she had corns—"

"But your news?" exclaimed Mr. Durham, impatiently.

"Well, here it is; not my news, but everybody's news, by this time." He unfolded a huge poster in red and white:

£500 Reward.—Whereas Matthew Helston, agent for Mr. Signet, jeweller, absconded on the morning of Saturday, the 13th inst., from Moore Street with certain Diamond Ornaments of great value, a description of which is subjoined, the above reward will be paid on his apprehension.

(Signed) Charles Pargiter.

Of course Mr. Durham knew that sooner or later it must have come to this, but the shock was terrible. The branding of his nephew as a thief in those letters of staring red and white—to be thrust down areas and stuck on walls—brought home to him the fact of Matthew's crime and its consequences with hateful distinctness. He started back and struck his feeble hand upon the chair, as Mr. Signet thought, with a natural indignation.

"I don't wonder at your cutting up rough about it, Mr. Durham," he said. "'Damn her impudence!' were my first words when the thing was brought to me, shoved (by her particular orders, no doubt) into my own letter-box. 'Absconded with her jewels,' indeed! Where's Helston's receipt for them, I should like to know? Why, to say the least of it, she's as much under suspicion as he is. I wonder her husband—who, barring that he is a spendthrift and a gambler, is a decent fellow—could have been induced to sign his name to such a document. The only thing which gives me much concern in the matter—except, of course, for the pain it must cause the ladies up yonder—is that Sir Charles himself is in it. He must have seen cause to alter his views; she would have done it long ago if she could have got his sanction. They've got hold of something, you may depend upon it." And Mr. Signet frowned and bit his nails.

"Got hold of some new evidence, I suppose you mean?" said Uncle Stephen, whose disgust at his companion was only mitigated by the presence of the still stronger feelings of despair and shame.

"Yes; something has turned up, no doubt; nothing conclusive, we know, but what may seem to *them* conclusive, of Helston's guilt. I must consult Brail about it before returning their fire."

"And how do you propose to return it?"

"Why, in kind, to be sure. I'll offer another reward for the discovery of Matthew Helston. Last seen, observe, at No. 10 Moore Street on the evening of December 12th, and supposed to have been made away with. We'll put that delicately, but in such a manner that the inference shall be clear. Perhaps we may add 'unjustly accused of complicity' in the theft of the diamonds. She will know what that means; that will stick." And Mr. Signet rubbed his hands together with an obvious sense of enjoyment.

"Yet 'men and women are our own flesh and blood,' people say," muttered Uncle Stephen.

The jeweller's sharp ears, though the observation was not intended to reach them, overheard him.

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir. Lady Pargiter is not flesh and blood—not even to look at. She is granite—a substance useless and valueless except in large masses. And as for hurting, our only hope at best is to chip her a little. Gad, I should like to chip her nose off." Then, suddenly changing his tone for one of great respect: "I conclude I can see Miss Thurlow for a few moments; I promised to keep her posted up in all that happened connected with this unfortunate business."

"And are you going to show her *that*?" inquired Mr. Durham, pointing to the obnoxious placard.

"Well, don't you think it better that a friend should break it to her, than that she should see it for the first time on some street hoarding, or hear it shouted out by a newsboy? That's certain to occur, you know, sooner or later."

"I suppose it is," sighed Uncle Stephen, scarce knowing what he said. His mind had projected itself into the dark future, when not only should those poor women know what was being said of their idol, but when, in spite of themselves, they would have become converts to public opinion. "There can be no harm, sir, as you say, in your telling Miss Thurlow what has happened; but not a word of this matter must be breathed to Mrs. Helston."

"I am glad you mentioned that," said Mr. Signet, "or else it might have slipped out. Then, with your permission, I will go up stairs."

"The servant will let Miss Thurlow know that you are here," said Mr. Durham, coldly. "Mary, show this gentleman to the parlor."

He did not dare accompany Mr. Signet on such an errand. What could he say of comfort to the poor girl? How could he feign a sympathy with the indignation that would arise within her? Suppose she were to reproach him with his want of faith in Matthew in his late employer's presence?

So Mr. Signet went alone.

Two minutes afterward arrived Mr. Barlow, to whom he narrated what had occurred.

"Surely the man has not shown that bill to Sabey?" exclaimed the young lawyer.

"No; I warned him against that—very luckily, as it appears, for he confessed that it might otherwise have 'slipped out.' I hope you recognize his own expression?"

"Then he is talking to Amy alone?" observed Mr. Barlow, without noticing this disclaimer.

"I don't know, I'm sure; I hope so. He is a man not to be trusted in anything that requires delicacy."

"That is quite true," assented the other.

"Of course all this is what we had to expect," continued Uncle Stephen. "But that bill is most horrible. He said it would be stuck on the walls."

"It *is* stuck on the walls, Mr. Durham; on the corner of this very street—I have seen it."

"Heavens! That must have been by Lady Pargiter's own orders. She must be a fiend."

"She is a woman who wants her money, or the money's worth," answered the lawyer, coolly. "If she can't get her diamonds out of Helston, she will get it out of his skin; and 'if Helston is not to be got at,' she says to herself, 'then his wife shall suffer.' Talk of a tigress deprived of her young; that is nothing compared with some women who have been deprived of their property. I know the class. Moreover," continued Mr. Barlow, "she has been insulted by this man Signet. How long has the fellow been here?"

"I don't know. What does it matter?" returned Uncle Stephen. "He will not come here again. He made a shrewd guess, I think, when he said the reward would never have been offered had not some fresh evidence turned up. Otherwise Sir Charles, it seems, is not the man to have put his name to it. Depend upon it, we are getting very near the end."

"Hush! that's his voice!" exclaimed Mr. Barlow, excitedly.

Mr. Signet was speaking in the hall to some one, and at the same time making his way out. The door of the smoking-room was open, so that his voice could be distinctly heard.

"I am so glad I came," he said; "it is such a comfort to find you agree with me. Whatever Brail says, I shall now take my own line, since it has obtained your approval. Good-by, my dear Miss Amy."

"Good-by," answered a broken voice in grate-

ful accents. And then the front door was closed gently.

"Thank Heaven, he has not driven her mad!" sighed Uncle Stephen.

"I am not so sure of that," muttered Mr. Barlow, in a tone that escaped the other's ear.

"You had better go up at once," continued Mr. Durham. "She will need your advice as to Sabey; though it will be impossible, I fear, to keep her in ignorance of this last blow."

"Yes, I will go to Amy," answered Mr. Barlow, gravely.

And he went up stairs—not three steps at a time, like a lover who seeks his mistress, but step by step, with a brow of care.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL GARFIELD AND PROGRESS.

Never was there a more important election than the one upon which the nation has entered. The two principles of progress and of reaction are once more arrayed in conflict. If the Southern leaders and their New York allies prevail, the cause of freedom and popular advance will have received a dangerous blow; the sources of republicanism will have been tainted; the idea of a free and equal representation of the people, for which Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, contended a hundred years ago, will have been lost, and the Confederate generals who laid down their arms at Richmond in 1865 will in 1881 assume the control of the government. The Southern leaders have renewed all their old audacity. Their own section of the country they profess to be able to rule, from Baltimore to the Rio Grande. In all the States "recently in rebellion" the election will be no more than a farce. Freedom of speech, of thought even, the safety of the voter, the purity of the ballot, have been cast aside, apparently forever. It is a mortifying thought that while French Republicans, English Liberals, even German Socialists, have secured the right of free suffrage, while elections in Europe pass on without a taint of suspicion, in many portions of our own country our government is powerless to protect its voters; that the only remedy is the union of all the liberty-loving portion of the people against the oppressors, and a revolt against tyranny in 1880 as general as was that of the patriots of 1775, or, once again, of the patriots of 1861.

General Garfield, who shared in all the vicissitudes of the latter contest for freedom, will lead the party of progress. In all those vicissitudes he never wavered or was cast down. He volunteered, with the majority of his countrymen, to suppress the rebellion, and maintain the work of Washington and Jefferson. On the battle-field he fought well. He entered Congress, and his voice was always heard on the side of the right and true. He defended his country against the plots and intrigues of Northern agitators, and advocated all those measures that have raised the nation from its depression, until it has become the most prosperous portion of the globe; that have won for it the name of the refuge of the oppressed, and made it already the home of nearly fifty millions of the human race. An eloquent, learned, accomplished man, simple in his habits, poor, content, General Garfield will well represent the manners and ideas of Republicanism. The slanders of his opponents have never shaken the confidence of his friends. The purest men of the nation rally to his support. He is the advocate of free education, of free speech and thought, of honest money, of peace, forbearance, charity. Whatever influence his office gives him will be devoted to the cause of progress. The nation under his guidance, aided by the good-will of the people, will pursue that honorable career which has brought to it unbounded prosperity; which has won for it the confidence of the working-man, the merchant, the capitalist; which in fifteen years has not only repaired the waste of war, but called forth a display of mental and moral energy, a swift progress, that in all its previous history has never been equalled. The growth of the country from 1870 to 1880, under the influence of Republican and liberal principles, has exceeded the hopes even of the sanguine. Only where Republican principles have failed to rule has it shown a want of progressive force.

The Republican party—the party of progress—may well claim that this steady prosperity of nearly fifteen years, broken only by a period of panic, is its own work; it has taught invariably strict honesty in the payment of the national debt, and has raised the credit of the country to the highest pitch; it has advocated honest money, and reformed the currency; it has promoted education, and in all the States where Republicanism rules there is ample provision made for the care of the children. It has secured good order, protected property and life, and over all those rich States and Territories where its principles prevail, the tide of an unprecedented immigration is spreading. Europe pours out upon our uncultivated lands its army of settlers. The wilderness beyond the Mississippi will soon become the granary of the world. Here at least the foreign farmer and laborer knows that his rights will be respected, his property secure; that here all men are born and live free and equal; that he or his children will secure the privilege of suffrage, and live and die at peace; that no man will dare to limit his right of speech or action. But unhappily all this is true only of the portion of the country where Republicanism rules; from the section where the Southern leaders have fixed their sway the immigrant turns away. The unwillingness of the laboring-man to enter any of the Southern States is a proof of his natural intelligence. He knows that their ruling politicians despise or fear him. They want no settlers whose votes they can not control, and no pretenders to free speech and free thought who may prove at last Republicans.

The party of reaction, led by its Southern politicians and the foreign clubs of New York, is the single danger that threatens the prosperity of the country. What are its designs, what its final purpose, its leaders never avow. But in the extra session which it forced last year upon the country it showed all the selfish instincts of a despotic nature. It threatened; it almost rebelled. The firmness of the President alone prevented the complete subjection of the general government to the Southern leaders; he defended boldly the purity of the suffrage, the right of free elections. But for many months—almost a year—the whole business world was thrown into suspense, the trade of the country was stopped, immigration paused, the working-man was unemployed, the financial world was in disorder, while the Southern leaders wasted their temporary supremacy in loud harangues and endless discussion on the questions that had been decided in 1865. One idea alone possessed the minds of these impetuous gentlemen; their only object was to gain the full control of the elections of the South. What cared they for the sudden stoppage of business, the sufferings of the working-men, the delay in immigration? They cared for nothing but themselves. No sooner were they dismissed to their homes amidst the rage of the nation they had offended than business revived and a sense of security returned. In the last session the zeal and ambition of the Confederate leaders were restrained. The sense of the country was against them. They were silent except when now and then some outbreak of passion showed the fires that raged below.

To commit the government of the country to these men would be an act of madness, to vote for their candidate for the Presidency almost treason. One has only to read the journals of the recent extra session to see with what a fierce, untamable spirit the Confederate generals ruled over the Northern Democrats, and rallied around them the evil elements of our metropolitan delegation. It was a revival of the old debates, the old alliances, of the sessions of 1863, '64, except that then the ranks of the Confederates were thinned by their employment in the field. Then, as now, the foreign clubs of New York and some unpatriotic native politicians would have formed a league with the reactionists. Let every Democrat who thinks at all read the appeal of the Democrats of Indiana in the field in 1863 to the Democrats who plotted treason at home. It is addressed, "To the Democracy of Indiana"; it is signed by a Democratic general and four colonels. "In this dark hour of our country's trial," said these patriots, "there is but one road to success and peace, and that is, to be as firmly united for our government as the rebels are against it." The enemy no longer attack the government openly in war. They aim to control it by a most cunning political device; by a united South, a divided North; by a sectional movement against the principles of freedom. "Crafty as the fox, cruel as the tiger," wrote General Rosecranz of the Southern politicians in 1863, "they cried 'no coercion' while preparing to strike us." It is the characteristic of all reactionary parties to fly from violence to fraud. In France the Bourbons, Napoleonists, and Jesuits, the aristocracy and the royalists, pursue the same tactics with our Southern leaders; in Germany the reactionists aim at the destruction of German unity; in England they hate free education; with us, the peace and prosperity of the cultivated States.

Happily for the interests of education, knowledge, commercial and agricultural progress among men, the reactionists are everywhere destined to be beaten. It is doubtful even if they can hold together that "solid South" which they have so laboriously and mercilessly perfected; their own people threaten to rebel. There is discontent in Democratic Texas; even Georgia is not altogether dumb; a progressive party is found to be a necessity even in decaying Louisiana; while in the Northern and Western sections of the Union reaction has long ago received its death-blow, and the Republican party of immigration, of free education and free speech, of honest money and popular rule, governs all the broad lands that spread from the lakes to the Pacific. The election of 1880 should bring out all the strength of this popular impulse. It is probably the last desperate struggle of the reactionists. One more defeat, and they will perish even in their own strongholds. The whole Union will be bound together by the tie of a common progress, a pure republicanism, and the election of Garfield and Arthur will complete the progress of the people.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

A really healthy eye possesses in a wonderful degree the power of adjusting itself to the viewing of objects at different distances; if, for example, you hold up in front of you between your eye and the distant horizon any small object, such as a pen-holder, you will find that no effort of yours will enable you to see both well at the same time: if you gaze at the one, the other immediately becomes indistinct. This is called the power of accommodation, and depends upon the elasticity of the crystalline lens. Its convexity is increased when we fix our eyes and attention on a near object, and diminished when we look at something farther off. In old age there is considerable curtailment of this power of accommodation, depending upon a hardening of the crystalline lens. Things close at hand can then not be discerned so well as those farther away. This state is called *presbyopia*, or long-sightedness. It usually commences from the forty-fifth to the fiftieth year, and I would here strongly urge those who are only even slightly presbyopic to commence the use of suitable spectacles forthwith, and not to forget that the glasses must be strong enough to be quite effectual. You need hardly be afraid of getting too strong ones, they can not be so if they suit the sight. And again, in course of time, when even more power is needed, stronger ones must be worn, although for some time at first the old ones will be found powerful enough in the daytime.

There is a condition of the eyes from which many people suffer, generally known by the name of weak sight; it may have been produced from overstudy or fatigue. There is entire inability to read or write for any length of time, and the trying to do so produces giddiness, and even headache, palpitation, etc. In such cases attention to the health and a due portion of rest may do good, but it can not be too well known that hundreds of people who have been sufferers from weakness of sight have not only been relieved, but even cured, by the wearing of proper spectacles. But let me here remind sufferers from this complaint that even the cleverest opticians are not as a rule the men to be advised by as to the kind of spectacles to be worn. A cure is never immediate, but indeed often tedious, and the advice of the best oculist or ophthalmic surgeon should, if possible, be obtained.

Short-sightedness is often hereditary, and the worst of it is that it has a tendency, if its influence be not quickly counteracted, to increase as the child gets older. A case of this kind should never be neglected, and spectacles should be worn, especially when reading, writing, etc. The apartment, too, in which studies are conducted should be airy, well lighted, and clean, and the desks high enough to prevent a stooping position being at all necessary. Plenty of out-door exercise, by strengthening the body, will tend to prevent the increase of the ailment, and if these instructions are followed to the letter, it is not at all unlikely that upon attaining the age of twenty, or a little over, spectacles may be gradually dispensed with.

Very great care should be taken of the eyes of infants and children. From its birth the eyes of a baby should be the first part washed or cleaned; the water should be soft and gently warm, the bit of sponge used of the finest quality. Never expose an infant to a bright or dazzling light, nor allow it to sleep in such a light. Exposure to draughts and cold, on the other hand, is highly detrimental to the sight, and so is impure air from whatever cause.

Purulent ophthalmia in children is very likely permanently to injure or even entirely destroy the sight. Medical aid should be obtained at once; no domestic remedies should be tried; simply keep the little sufferer in a quiet, warm, very clean, and moderately darkened room. As often as any discharge gathers it is to be carefully washed away with lukewarm water, poured from a small soft sponge. After the eyes are softly dried, a folded linen rag dipped in cold water may be laid over each, and changed when it gets warm. The nurse should take care not to touch her own eyes until she has well washed her hands.

Parents ought to put themselves to some little trouble with regard to their children's eyesight. Never overtask them, and see that they do not sit at their tasks with heads falling forward. If signs of any weakness of sight or abnormal vision be noticed, surgical advice should immediately be had. The handwriting children are taught ought to be large, the books they read to have a wide margin and clear good type, and the light be amply sufficient. Again, the tasks they have to perform should not be of a kind to distress the eyes, nor should, in my opinion, they be punished by having work imposed upon them—such as lengthy writing exercises—which strain both brain and eye. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So runs the proverb, but it might have gone further, and added, "and a pale, feeble, weakly, and often half-blind boy."

Grown-up people should be careful of their eyesight if they would live long and be happy. We should all remember the things which are likely to cause injury to the eyes, such as working or reading in bad light. Daylight is an eye-tonic; it is as necessary to the eye as food to the organs of digestion. Exposure to cold is hurtful, or to impure air and to atmospheres impregnated with dust or vapor. Anything that tends to weaken the general health will also prove injurious to the eyesight, or anything that causes a determination of blood to the brain.

But while, on the one hand, the eyes should never be strained or worked to the verge of fatigue, on the other, exercise is just as beneficial to them as to any other part of the body. The habit should be cultivated of studying small objects carefully, keenness of sight depending so much upon the mental attention one is in the habit of paying to visual impressions. Excesses of every kind tend to the injury of the eyesight, and so in a very great degree does the want of good and proper spectacles, when such helps to the eyes are really needed. And they really are needed by very many who do not, through mistaken pride or some such folly, now use them. It is the greatest mistake in the world to despise the friendly aid of a pair of spectacles till we can no longer by hook or by crook do without them.

In choosing glasses or spectacles remember that the eyes should look through the centres of the lenses; the spectacle frame ought therefore to be of the proper width, and no more. Spectacles to fasten behind the ear are more generally useful than the *pince-nez* which is balanced on the nose. The latter, however, is less liable to be lost, as it is usually worn attached by a very light chain or cord to the dress, and can be used in a moment; but for reading or writing, or any kind of work that takes up time, spectacles are infinitely to be preferred. In purchasing spectacles a guarantee should be had from the optician that they are properly "centred"; that is, that the thickest or thinnest (as the case may be) portion of each lens is really in the centre. If they then fit your sight, you can try them on in front of a mirror; if your pupils are right in the centre, the glasses are properly framed, if for distant sight. If only meant for reading, the pupils should be a little nearer the nose than the centre of the lens. The frames themselves should always, when the wearer can afford it, be made of gold. Pebbles wear better than glass; they may, too, be simply wiped with the handkerchief, but a bit of wash-leather must be kept for glass lenses. Spectacles, if you have managed to procure a really good and useful pair, should be taken the utmost care of; they should, when not in use, be put in their case, and *the case in the pocket*. Spectacles with colored lenses should never be used, unless under the advice of a medical man.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The son of a merchant recently returned from his studies at a business college. A friend of the merchant was asking the old man if the boy had improved his opportunities. "I should say he had," was the reply. "He can imitate anybody's handwriting, and is so expert at figures that I am afraid to let him touch the books."

Why ought tailors to be good (matrimonial) match-makers?—Because they are so much in the habit of pressing other people's suits.

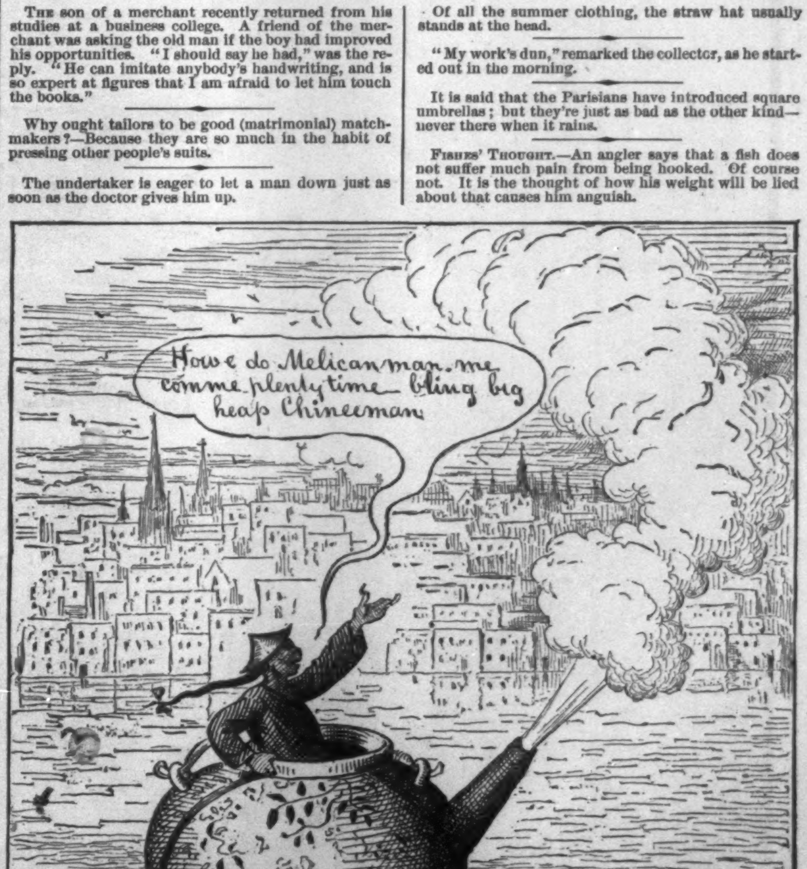
The undertaker is eager to let a man down just as soon as the doctor gives him up.

Of all the summer clothing, the straw hat usually stands at the head.

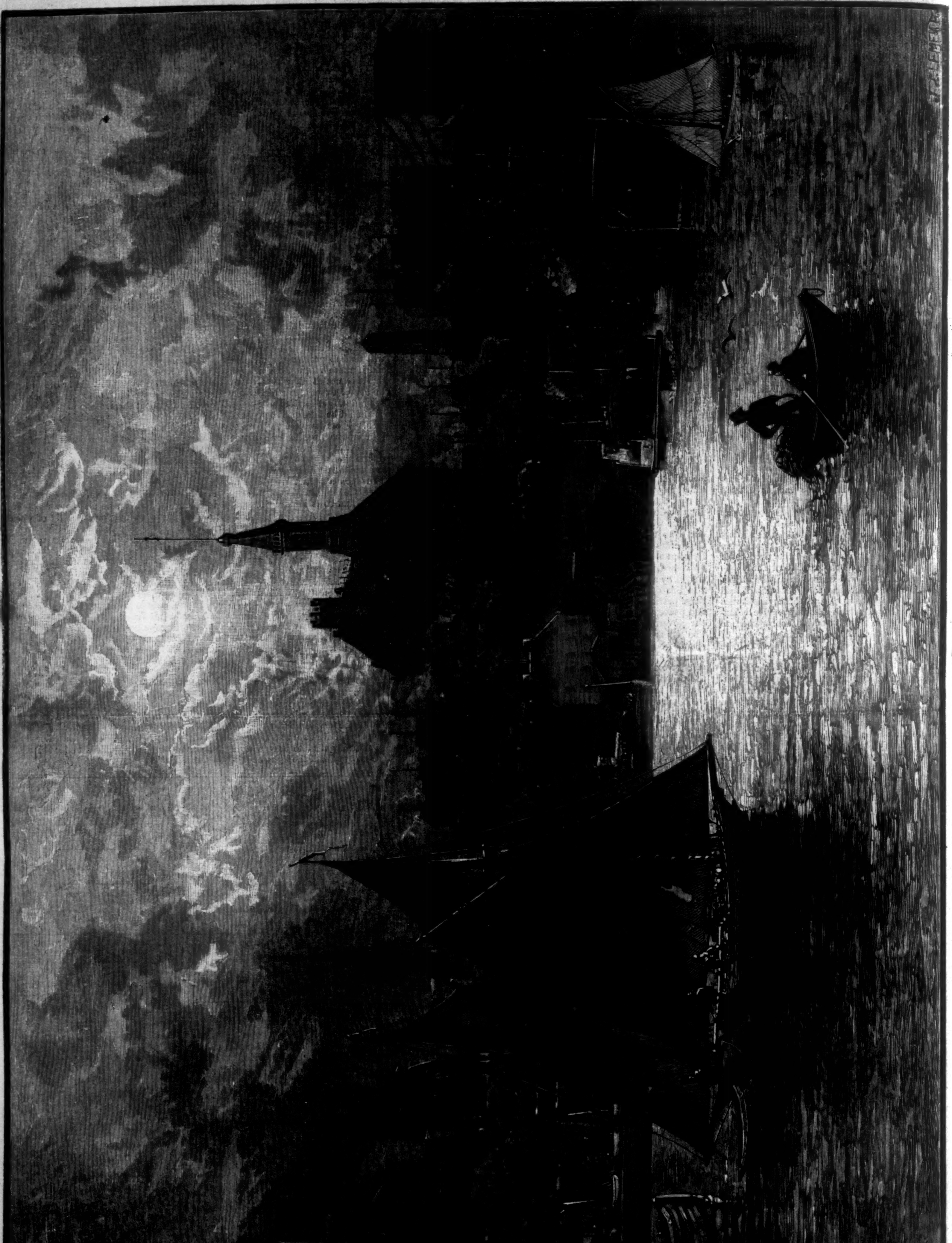
"My work's dun," remarked the collector, as he started out in the morning.

It is said that the Parisians have introduced square umbrellas; but they're just as bad as the other kind—never there when it rains.

Fishes' Thought.—An angler says that a fish does not suffer much pain from being hooked. Of course not. It is the thought of how his weight will be lied about that causes him anguish.



OH! LAW THEY ARE COMING OVER IN THEIR OWN TEA-POTS NOW!



NEW YORK FROM A CORTLANDT STREET FERRY-BOAT, JERSEY SIDE.—Drawn by Granville Perkins.

AS SOLID AND DEFIANT AS EVER.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"THOU LOVEST ME, THAT WOT I WEL CERTAIN."

MANY a time since her home-coming had Daphne been on the point of telling her sister all about that more or less anonymous traveller whom she called the man in the wood; but her picknicking adventures, looked at retrospectively from the strictly correct atmosphere of home, seemed much more terrible than they had appeared to her at Asnières, where a vague hankering after forbidden pleasures was an element in the girlish mind, and where there was a current idea that the most appalling impropriety was allowable, provided the whole business were meant as a joke. But Daphne, seated at Madoline's feet, began to feel doubtful if there were any excuse for such joking; and after that one skirmishing approach to the subject, she said no more about the gentleman who had called himself Nero. It was hateful to her to have a secret, were it the veriest trifle, from her sister; but the idea of Madoline's disapproval was still more repugnant to her; and she was very certain that Madoline would disapprove of the whole transaction in which Mr. Nero had been concerned.

"I could never tell how thoroughly at home I felt with him," mused Daphne; "how easy and natural our acquaintance seemed—just as if we had been destined from the very beginning of time to meet at that hour and at that spot. And to part so soon!" added Daphne, with a sigh. "It seemed hardly worth while to meet."

Yes; it was a mystery upon which Daphne brooded very often in the fair spring weather as she wandered by her beloved river. Strange that two lives should meet and touch for a moment, like circles on yonder placid water—meet, and touch, and part, and never meet again!

"The rings on the river break when they touch," thought Daphne. "They are fatal to each other. Our meeting had no significance: two summer days and it was all over and ended. I wonder whether Nero has ever thought of Poppæa since he left Fontainebleau? Poppæa! What a silly name; and what a simpleton he must have thought me for assuming it!"

Of all things at South Hill, where there was so much that was beautiful, Daphne loved the river. It had been her delight when she was a tiny child, hardly able to syllable the words that were meant to express admiration. She had wanted to walk into the water—had struggled in her nurse's arms to get at it, and make herself a part of the thing that seemed so beautiful. Then when she was just a little older and a little wiser it had been her delight to sit on the very edge of the stream, to sit hidden in the rushes spelling out a fairy tale. In those early days she would have been happy if the world had begun and ended in those low-lying meadows where daffodils and orchises and bluebells grew in such rich abundance that she could gather and waste them all day long, yet make no perceptible difference in their number; where the lazy cattle stood half the day breast-high in the weedy water, dreaming with wide-open eyes; where the shadow of a bird flitting across the stream was the only thing that gave token of life's restlessness. Later there came a happy midsummer holiday when her father was away at Ems, nursing his last fancied disorder, and she and Madoline were alone together at South Hill, under the protection of the maiden aunt who never interfered with anybody's pleasure so long as she could enjoy her own way of life; and in a willow-shaded creek Daphne found a disused, forgotten punt which had lain stagnant in the mud for the last seven years, and with the aid of a youth who worked in the gardens she had so patched and calked and painted this derelict as to make it tolerably watertight, and in this frail and clumsy craft she had punted herself up and down a shallow tributary of the deep, swift Avon, as far afield as she could go without making Madoline absolutely miserable.

And now, being "finished," and a young woman, Daphne asked herself where she was to get a boat. She had plenty of pocket-money. There was an old boat-house under one of the willows where she could keep her skiff. She had learned to swim at Asnières, so there could be no danger. So she took counsel with the garden youth, who had grown into a man by this time, and asked him whether he would buy her a boat, and where.

"That's accordin' to the kind o' boat as you might fancy, miss," answered her friend. "There's a many kind o' boats, you see."

"Oh, I hardly know; but I should like something light and pretty; a long, narrow boat, don't you know;" and Daphne went on to describe an outrigger.

"Lord, miss, it would be fearful dangerous. You'd be getting he among the weeds, and upsettin' un. You'd better have a dingey. That's safe and comfortable like."

"A dingey's a thing like a washing-tub, isn't it?"

"Raythor that shape, miss."

"I wouldn't sit in such a thing for the world. No, Bink, if I can't have a long, narrow boat with a sharp nose, I'll have a punt. I think I should really like a punt. I was so fond of that one. I feel quite sorry that the rats eat it. Yes, you must buy me a punt. There'll be plenty of room in it for my drawing-board, and my books, and my crewel-work, for I mean to live on the river when the summer comes. How soon can you buy me my punt?"

"I think as how you'd better have a dingey, miss," said Bink. "It was all very well pushing about a punt in the creeks when you was a child, but a punt don't do in deep water. You can have a nice-shaped dingey; not too much of a tub, you know, and a pair o' sculls, and I'll teach you to row. I can order it any arternoon that I can get an 'oliday, miss. There's a good boat-builder at Stratford. I'll order he to build it."

"How lovely!" cried Daphne, clapping her hands. "A boat built on purpose for me! It must have no end of cushions, for my sister will come with me very often, of course. And it must be painted in the early English style. I'll have a dark red dado."

"A what, miss?"

"A dado, Bink. The lower half of the inside must be painted dark red, and the upper half a lovely cream-color; and the outside must be a dark greenish-brown. You understand, don't you?"

"Not overwell, miss. You'd better write it down for the boat-builder."

"I'll do better than that, Bink—I'll make a sketch of the boat, and paint it the colors I want. And it—she—must have a name, I suppose?"

"Boats has names mostly, miss."

"My boat shall not be nameless. I'll call her"—a pause; then a sudden dimpling smile and a bright blush—loveliness thrown away on Bink, who stood at ease, leaning on his hoe, and staring at the river—"I'll call her—Nero."

"An 'ero, miss? What 'ero? The old Dook o' Wellington? He were an 'ero, warn't he? Or Nelson? That's more of a name for a boat."

"Nero, Bink, Nero. I'll write it down for the boat-builder."

"You'd better, please, miss. I never was good at remembering names."

When Daphne had given Bink the sketch with full authority to commission her boat, she had an after-thought about her father. The boat-house was his property; even the river in some measure belonged to him; he had at least riparian rights. So after dinner that evening, when Madoline and she were sitting opposite each other in silence at the pretty table, bright with velvety gloxinias and maiden-hair ferns, while Sir Vernon leaned back in his chair, sipping his claret, and grumbling vaguely about things in general—the indolence of his servants, the unfitness of his horses, the impending ruin of the land in which he lived, and the crass ignorance of that pig-headed body of men who were pretending to govern it—Daphne, in a pause of the paternal monologue, lifted up her voice.

"Papa, may I have a dingey, please? I can buy it with my own money."

"A dingey!" exclaimed Sir Vernon. "What in Heaven's name is a dingey?"

He had an idea that it must be some article of female attire or of fancy-work, since his frivolous young daughter desired to possess it.

"A dingey—is—a kind of boat, papa."

"Oh, a dingey!" exclaimed Sir Vernon, as if she had said something else in the first instance. "What can you want with a dingey?"

"I am so dearly fond of the river, papa; and a dingey is such a safe boat, Bink says."

"Who is Bink?"

"One of the under-gardeners."

"A curious authority to quote. So you want a dingey, and to row yourself about the river like a boy."

"There is no one to notice me, papa."

"The place is secluded enough, so long as you don't go beyond our own meadows. I desired Madame Tolmache to have you taught swimming. Can you swim?"

"Yes, papa. I believe I am a rather good swimmer."

"Well, you can have your boat—it is a horribly masculine taste—always provided you do not go beyond our own fields. I can not have you boating over half the county."

"I shall be quite happy to keep to our own fields, papa," Daphne answered, meekly.

She enlisted the devoted Bink in her service next morning. He patched up the old boat-house, and whitewashed the inside walls, much to the displeasure of Mr. MacCloskie, the head-gardener, a gentleman in broadcloth and a top hat, who seemed to do little more than walk about the grounds, smoke his pipe in the hot-houses, plan expensive improvements, and order costly novelties from the most famous nurseries at home and abroad. Bink ought to have been wheeling manure from the stable during that very afternoon which he had devoted to the repair of the boat-house; and Mr. MacCloskie declared that the future well-being of his melon bed was imperiled by the young man's misconduct.

"I shall complain to Sir Vernon," said MacCloskie.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. MacCloskie, but Miss Daphne told me to do it."

"Miss Daphne, indeed! I can't have my gardeners interfered with by Miss Daphne," exclaimed MacCloskie; as much as to say that his master's second daughter was a person of very small account. He gave Daphne a lecture that evening, in very broad Scotch, when he met her in the rose garden.

"You'll be meddling with my roses next, miss, I suppose," he said, severely. "You young ladies from boarding-school have no respect for anything."

"Your roses!" cried Daphne, with a contemptuous glance at the closely pruned twigs of the standards, which at this early period looked as if they would never flower again. "When I see any, I shall know how to appreciate them. Roses, indeed! I wonder you like to mention them. Everything flowers a month earlier in France than you can make it do here. I had a Gloire de Dijon nodding in at my window at Asnières this time last year;" and she marched off, leaving MacCloskie with a dim idea that in any skirmish with this young lady he was likely to be worsted.

How ardently she had longed for home a few weeks ago, when she was counting the days that must pass before the appointed date of her return, under the wing of Madame Tolmache, who crossed the Channel reluctantly once or twice a year to convoy pupils, and was prostrate in the cabin throughout the brief sea-passage, leaving the pupils to take care of themselves, and so horribly ill on landing that the pupils had to take care of her. So long as South Hill was in the future, Daphne had believed that perfect happiness awaited her there—gladness without a flaw—but now that she was at home, established, a recognized member of the family for all her life to come, she began to discover that even at South Hill life was not perfect happiness. She was devotedly fond of Madoline, and Madoline was full of affection—careful, anxious, almost maternal love—for her. There was no flaw in her gladness here. But every hour she spent in her father's company made her more certain of the one painful fact that he did not care for her. There was even in her mind the terrible suspicion that he actually disliked her; that he would have been glad to have her out of his way—married, dead and buried—anything so that she might be removed from his path.

She was very young, and her spirits had all the buoyancy of youth that has never been acquainted with sordid cares. So there was plenty of gladness in her life. It was only now and then that the thought of her father's indifference, or possible dislike, drifted like a passing cloud across her mind, and took the charm out of everything.

"What a lovely place it is!" she said to Madoline one evening, after dinner, when they were strolling about the lawn, where three of the finest deodaras in the county rose like green towers against the warm western sky. "I am fonder of it every day, yet I can't help feeling that I'm an interloper."

"Daphne! You—the daughter of the house!"

"A daughter; not the daughter," answered Daphne. "Sometimes I fancy that I am a daughter too many. You should have heard how MacCloskie talked to me yesterday because I had taken Bink from his work for an hour or two. If I had been a poor little underpaid nursery-governess he couldn't have scolded me more severely. And I think servants have a knack of finding out their master's feelings. If I had been a favorite with my father, MacCloskie would never have talked like that. A favorite! What nonsense! It is so obvious that I bore him awfully."

"Daphne, if you are going to nurse this kind of fancy, you will never be happy," Madoline said, earnestly, winding her arm round her sister, as they sauntered slowly down the sloping lawn, side by side. "You must make every allowance for papa; he is not a demonstrative man. His manner may seem cold, perhaps—"

"Cold!" cried Daphne. "It is ice. I feel I have entered the frigid zone directly I go into his presence. But he is not cold to you; he has love enough, and to spare, for you."

"We have been so much together. I have learned to be useful to him."

"Yes; you have spent your life with him, while I have been an outcast and an alien."

"Daphne, you have no right to speak like that. Papa is a man of peculiar temper. It pleased him to have only one daughter at home till both were grown up. You were more lively than I—younger by seven years—and he fancied you would be noisy. He is a nervous man, wanting an atmosphere of complete repose. And now you are grown up, and have come home for good, and I really can not see any reason why you should complain."

"No; there is nothing to complain about," cried Daphne, bitterly, "only that I have been cheated out of a father's love. Not by you, Lina dearest; no, not by you," she exclaimed, when her sister would have spoken. "I am not base enough to be jealous of you—you who have been my good angel always. No, dear; but he has cheated me. My father has cheated me in not giving me a chance of getting at his heart when I was a child. What is the good of my trying now? I come home to him as a stranger. How can he be expected to care for me?"

"If he does not love you now, my pet—and mind, I don't admit that it is so—he will soon learn to be fond of you. He can't help admiring my sweet young sister," said Madoline, with tearful eyes.

"I will never plague you about him any more, dear," protested Daphne, with a penitent air. "I will try to be satisfied with your affection. You do love me, don't you?"

"With all my strength."

"And to do my duty in that state of life, etc., etc., etc."

"Talking of duty, Daphne, I have been wanting to make a suggestion for the last week or two," said Madoline, gently. "Don't you think it would be better for you if you were to employ yourself a little more?"

"Employ myself!" cried Daphne. "Why, I have been tremendously busy for the last three days—about the dingey."

"Dearest, you are laughing at me. I mean that at seventeen—"

"And a half," interjected Daphne, with dignity.

"—at seventeen your education can hardly be completed."

"I know ridiculously little, though I have been outrageously crammed. I'm afraid all the sciences and languages and literature have got mixed up in my brain somehow," said Daphne; "but I am awfully fond of poetry. I know a good deal of Tennyson by heart. I could repeat every line of 'The Lotos-Eaters' if you asked me," said Daphne, blushing unaccountably.

"I think you ought to read, dear," pursued Madoline, gravely.

"Why, so I do. Didn't I read three volumes of *Sair for Somebody* in a single day, in order that the book might go back to Mudie's?"

"That rubbishy story. Daphne dear, you know I am talking of serious reading."

"Then you had better find somebody else to talk to," said Daphne. "I never could pin my mind to a dull book; my thoughts go dancing off like butterflies, skimming away like swallows. I could no more plod through a history, or a volume of Voyages in Timbuctoo, or Sir Somebody's Memoirs of the Court of Queen Joan of Naples, or A Waiting-woman's Recollections of Peter the Great, than I could fly. There are a few characters in history I like to read about—in short installments. Napoleon the Great, for instance. There is a hero for you—blood-thirsty, but nice. Mary Stuart, Julius Cæsar, Sir Walter Raleigh, Columbus, Shakspeare. These shine out like stars. But the dull, dead level of history—the going out of the Whigs and the coming in of the Tories, the everlasting battles in the Netherlands or the Punjab—I envy you your faculty of taking interest in such dry-as-dust stuff, but I can not imitate you."

"I like to be able to talk to papa, and to Gerald, by-and-by," said Madoline, shyly.

"Does papa talk of the Punjab?"

"Not often, dear; but in order to understand the events of one's own day, it is necessary to know the history of the past. Papa likes to discuss public affairs, and I generally read the *Times* to him every morning, as you know."

"Yes," answered Daphne, "I know you are his slave."

"Daphne, it is my delight to be useful to him."

"Yes, that is the sort of woman you are, always sacrificing your own happiness for other people. But I love you for it, dearest," exclaimed Daphne, with one of her sudden gushes of affection. "Only don't ask me to improve myself, darling, now that I am tasting perfect liberty for the first time in my life. Think how I have been ground, and polished, and governessed, and preached at, and back-boarded," drawing up her slim figure straight as an arrow, "and dumb-belled, and fifth-positioned, for so many weary years of my life, and let me have my fling of idleness at home. I began to wonder if I really had a home, papa kept me away from it so long. Let me be idle and happy, Lina, for a little while; I shall mend by-and-by."

"My pet, do you suppose I don't wish you to be happy? But I don't want your education to come to a full stop, because you have left school."

"Let me learn to be like you, if I can. There could be no higher education than that."

"Flatterer."

"No, Lina, no one can flatter perfection."

Madoline stopped her with a kiss, blushing at her praise. And then they turned and walked slowly back to the house, across the dewy lawn, where the shadows of the deodaras had deepened and lengthened with the rising of the moon. Daphne paused on the terrace to look back at the low-lying river gleaming between its willowy banks—so beautiful and ghostly a thing in the moonlight that it almost seemed as if it belonged to another world.

"How lovely it is out-of-doors!" sighed Daphne. "Doesn't it seem foolishness to shut one's self up in a house? Stay a little longer, Lina."

"Papa would not like to be deserted, dear. And Aunt Rhoda talked about coming in this evening."

"Then I am in for a lecture," said Daphne. "Aunt Rhoda told me to go and see her, and I haven't been."

There was a brilliant light in the billiard-room, and the two girls went in through the conservatory and down the stone steps to the room where they were most likely to find their father at this time of the evening. Sir Vernon Lawford was not an enthusiastic billiard player; indeed, he was not enthusiastic about anything except his own merits, of which he had a very exalted opinion. He played a game of billiards every evening, because it kept him awake and kept him in gentle movement, which state of being he considered good for his health. He played gravely, as if he were doing his duty to society, and played well; and though he liked to have his elder daughter in the room while he played, and could bring himself to tolerate the presence of other people, he resented anything distracting in the way of conversation.

Seen in the bright white light of the carcel lamps, Sir Vernon Lawford, at fifty-three years of age, was still a handsome man—a tall, well-set-up man, with a hard, cleanly chiselled face, eyes of lightish gray, cold and severe in expression, gray hair and whiskers, hands of feminine delicacy in shape and color, and something rigid and soldier-like in his bearing, as of a man who had been severely drilled himself, and would be a martinet in his rule over others.

He was bending over the table with frowning brow, meditating a difficult stroke, as the two girls came softly in through the wide doorway—two tall slim figures in white gowns, with a background of flowers and palms showing dimly behind them, and beyond the foliage and flowers the glimmer of a marble balustrade.

A fashionably dressed lady of uncertain age, the solitary spectator of the game, sat fanning herself in silence by the wide fire-place. Sir Vernon's antagonist came quietly forward to greet Madoline and her sister.

"I am so glad you have come in," he said, confidently. "I am getting ignominiously licked. I had a good mind to throw up the sponge, and bolt out into the garden after you just now; only I thought if I didn't take my licking decently, Sir Vernon would never play with me again. Isn't it too delicious out there among the deodaras?"

"Heavenly!" exclaimed Daphne; "and the river looks like the 'chemin du Paradis.' I wonder you can stay in this glaring room."

Sir Vernon had made up his mind by this time, and with a slow and easy stroke made a cannon, and sent his adversary's ball into a pocket.

"Just like my luck," said the adversary, while Sir Vernon again deliberated.

He was a man of about seven-and-twenty, tall,

broad-shouldered, good-looking, with something of a gladiatorial air in his billiard-room undress. He was fair, with a healthy Saxon color, and Saxon blue eyes, features not chiselled, but somewhat heavily moulded, yet straight and regular withal; hair a lightish brown, cropped closely to a well-shaped head; forehead fairly furnished with intellectual organs, but not the brow of poet or philosopher, wit or savant; a good average English forehead, a good average English face, beaming with good-nature, as he stands by Madoline's side, chalking his cue as industriously as if chalk could win the game.

This was Edgar Turchill, of Hawksyard Grange, Sir Vernon Lawford's most influential and pleasantest neighbor, a country squire of old family and fair fortune, owner of one of the most interesting places in the county, a real Warwickshire manor-house, and the only son of his widowed mother.

The lady by the fire-place now began to think she had been neglected long enough, and beckoned Daphne with her fan. She beckoned the girl with an authoritative air which distinctly indicated relationship.

"Come here and sit by me, child," she whispered, tapping the fender-stool with the point of her embroidered shoe, whereupon Daphne meekly crouched at the lady's feet, prepared for the worst. "Why have you never been to the rectory?"

Daphne twisted her fingers in and out of her slender watch chain with an embarrassed air.

"Indeed, I hardly know why, Aunt Rhoda," she faltered; "perhaps it was because I was enjoying myself so much. Everything at home was so new to me, you see—the gardens, the river, the meadows."

"You were enjoying yourself so much that you had no inclination to see your aunt and uncle?"

"Uncle?" echoed Daphne. "Oh, you mean the rector?"

"Of course. Is he not your uncle?"

"Is he, aunt? I know he's your husband; but as you only married him a year ago, and he hadn't begun to be my uncle when I was last at home, it never occurred to me—"

"That by my marriage with him he had become your uncle? That looks like ignorance, Daphne, or want of proper feeling," said the rector's wife, with an offended air.

"It was ignorance, Aunt Rhoda. At Madame Tolmache's they taught us so much geography and geology and astronomy, don't you know, that they were obliged to keep us in the dark about uncles and aunts. And am I really to call the rector uncle? It seems quite awful."

"Why awful?"

"Because I have looked up to him all my life as a being in a black silk gown who preached long sermons, and would do something awful to me if I laughed in church. I looked upon him as the very embodiment of the Church, don't you know, and should hardly have believed that he wanted breakfast and dinner, and wore out his clothes and boots like other men. When he came to call I used to run away and hide myself. I had an idea that he would scold me if I came in his way—take me to task for not being a Christian, or ask me to repeat last Sunday's gospel. And to think that he should be my uncle! How curiously things come round in this life!"

"I hope you will not cease to respect him, and that you will learn to love him," said Aunt Rhoda, severely.

"Learn to love him! Do you think he would like it?" questioned Daphne, doubtfully.

"He would like you to behave to him as a niece ought, Daphne. Marmaduke considers my relations his own."

"I'm sure it is very good of him," said Daphne, "but I should think it must come a little difficult after having known us so long in quite another capacity."

The rector's wife gave her niece a look of half interrogation, half disapproval. She did not know how much malice might lurk under the girl's seeming innocence. She and Daphne had never got on very well together in the old days, when Miss Lawford was the mistress of South Hill, and the arbiter of her nieces' lives.

A year ago, and Rhoda Lawford at three-and-forty was still Rhoda Lawford, and any idea of matrimonial promotion which she had once cherished might fairly be supposed to have expired in the cold shade of a neighborhood where there were very few marriageable men. But Rhoda had begun life as a girl with considerable pretensions. She had never asserted herself or been put forward by her friends as a beauty. The material for that kind of reputation was wanting. But she had been admired and praised for her style, her manner, her complexion, her hair, her hands, her feet, her waist, her shoulders. She was a young lady with good points, and had been admired for her points. People had talked of her as the elegant Miss Lawford; and as, happily, elegance is a quality which time need not impair, Rhoda had gone on being elegant for five-and-twenty years. The waist and shoulders, the hands and feet, had never been out of training for a quarter of a century. More ephemeral charms had bloomed and faded, and many a fair friend of Rhoda's who had triumphed in the insolence of conscious beauty was now a passée matron, of whom her acquaintance said, pityingly, "You have no idea how pretty that woman was fifteen years ago"; but the elegant Miss Lawford's attractions were unimpaired, and the elegant Miss Lawford had not yet surrendered the hope of winning a prize in the matrimonial lottery.

The living of Baddesley-with-Arden was one of those fat sinecures which are usually given to men of good family and considerable private means. The Reverend Marmaduke Ferrers was the descendant of a race well rooted in the soil, and had, by the demise of two bachelor uncles and three maiden aunts, accumulated to himself a handsome property in land and houses and the safer kind of public securities. These legacies had fallen in at longish intervals, some of the aunts being slow in relaxing their grip upon this world's gear; but had all the wealth of a Westminster or a Rothschild been poured into the Reverend Marmaduke's lap he would not have renounced the great tithes of Baddesley-with-Arden, or the important, and, in a manner, judicial and dictatorial, position which he held as rector of those two small parishes. Mr. Ferrers loved the exercise of authority on a small scale. He had an autocratic mind, but it was a very small mind, and it suited him to be the autocrat of two insignificant pastoral villages, rather than to measure his power against the men of cities. To hector Giles for getting drunk on a Saturday night, to lecture Joan for her absence from church on Sunday, afforded the rector as much delight as a bigger man might have felt in towering over the riot of a republican chamber, or proroguing a rump Parliament. Mr. Ferrers had been rector of Baddesley thirty years, and in all that time he had never once thought of taking to himself a wife. He had a lovely old rectory and a lovelier garden; he had the best servants in the neighborhood, partly because he was a most exacting master, and partly because he paid his housekeeper largely, and made her responsible for everybody else. The whole machinery of his life worked with a delightful smoothness. He had nothing to gain from matrimony in the way of domestic comfort, and there is always the possibility of loss. Thus it happened that although he had gone on admiring Miss Lawford for a round dozen years, talking of her as a most lady-like and remarkably well-informed person, pouring all his small grievances into her ear, confiding to her the most recondite details of any little complaint from which he happened to suffer, consulting her about his garden, his stable, his parish, it had never occurred to him that he should improve his condition or increase his happiness by making the lady his wife.

Yet throughout this time Rhoda Lawford had always had it in her mind that if all other views failed she would wind up fairly well by marrying the rector. It was not at all the kind of fate she had imagined for herself years ago in the freshness of her charms, but it would be a respectable match. Nobody could presume to pity her, or say that she had done badly. The rector was ten years her senior, so nobody could laugh at her for marrying a youth. Altogether there would be a fitness and a propriety about the alliance which would be in perfect harmony with the elegance of her person and the spotlessness of her character. On her fortieth birthday Miss Lawford told herself that the time had now come when the rector must be taken seriously in hand, and taught to see what was good for himself. A friendship which had been meandering on for the last twelve years must be brought to a head; dangling attention and old-fashioned compliments must be reduced into something more tangible. In a word, the rector must be converted from a friend into a suitor.

It had taken Miss Lawford two years to open the Reverend Marmaduke's eyes, but at the end of those two years the thing was done, and the rector was sighing, somewhat apoplectically, for the approach of his wedding day, and the privilege of claiming Rhoda for his own. The whole process had been carried out with such consummate tact that Marmaduke Ferrers had not the faintest suspicion that the matrimonial card which he had drawn had been forced upon him. He believed in his engagement as the spontaneous growth of his own mind. "Strange that I should have known you so long, my Rhoda, and only discovered lately that you were so dear to me," he murmured, in his fat voice, as he dawdled with his betrothed in one of those shadowy Warwickshire lanes which seem made for the meanderings of lovers. His Rhoda smiled tenderly; and then they began to talk about the new carpet for the rectory drawing-room, the Sèvres garniture de cheminée which Sir Vernon had given his sister for a wedding present, dwelling rather upon the objective than the subjective side of their position, as middle-aged lovers are apt to do.

"I hope you will not mind my keeping Todd," said the rector, presently, pausing to recover his breath, and plucking a dog-rose in absence of mind.

"Dearest, have I any wish in opposition to yours?" murmured Rhoda, but not without a shadow of sourness in the droop of her lips, for she had a shrewd idea that so long as the rector's housekeeper, Mrs. Todd, remained at the rectory, nobody else could be mistress there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE proper ventilation of our school-houses is one of the most important questions of the present day. Cold feet, hot head and hands, and consequent lassitude and headache, is the common complaint of many of the children in the crowded, ill-ventilated class-rooms. This subject has recently been attracting much interest in Boston. After a council of the leading physicians and hygienists of that city, it has been proposed to establish a new office, to be called the "Medical Inspector of Public Schools." It would be a good thing if a similar measure could be adopted in this city, where there are at least five times as many children who come from crowded tenement districts. The appointment of medical persons to attend to the sanitary condition of the schools of this great city would be one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed by the city authorities.

The question of burning the garbage of New York city is again raised, and a committee has been appointed to inquire into the method and cost of this manner of its disposition.

The "Tramp Law" seems to have been remarkably successful in Ohio. Three years ago farm-houses that for a quarter of a century had never seen a lock or key had to be bolted at every door, and their windows securely fastened at night. Tramps were everywhere, and no farmer's wife was safe alone for a moment. All this is changed now, since the law against tramps has been enforced, and people in rural districts sleep, as in the olden days, with unbolted doors and windows.

New regulations are about to be made in regard to the admission of visitors to the Tower of London; and those who desire hereafter to inspect this interesting historical monument will be allowed to wander through it at their leisure, unannoyed by those who have hitherto acted as guides.

It is said that the expense of constructing underground telegraph wires would not greatly exceed the present annual expenditure for repairs, and the cost of operating under that system would be much less than the present method. Ten thousand interruptions and annoyances would cease, and the unsightly poles which now disfigure our thoroughfares would be abolished.

Thirteen daily political papers, at one sou each, are published in Paris. They all prosper and pay dividends, and their united circulation is over a million a day.

The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company has lately instituted a very useful reform. A watchman has been appointed for every section of its road, who is to walk back and forward on his section during the entire night, with a powerful lantern, and see that the line is unobstructed.

The tunnel under the mountain at West Point for the Hudson River West Shore Railroad is one-sixth done. It will be twenty-seven hundred feet long, and will pass directly under the Military Academy riding hall and drill plain. A large force is employed upon the work, and it is progressing rapidly.

The burning of a grain elevator recently on the North River was a fine spectacle for those who were fortunate enough to witness it. It was just before daybreak, and the floating tower of flame was towed up and down the river out of the way of piers and anchored vessels, until the flames and the river met. The river-side streets of New York and Jersey City were colored scarlet from the reflection of the flames, and the craft that passed near the flaming wreck wore a spectral appearance.

It is said that the celebrated Sunderland Collection, begun by the Earl of Sunderland in the reign of Queen Anne, will be sold at auction in London this season. This is probably the largest and most valuable private collection in England. It contains about 35,000 volumes, some of these very rare and old editions, and 7000 manuscripts, many of which are magnificent specimens of mediæval illuminations on vellum. It seems strange that the Duke of Marlborough, who is the present possessor, and a rich man, should be willing to scatter this valuable collection.

Elastic, springy wheels of the bicycle pattern can be used very advantageously on carriages, it is said. Made of steel, nickel plated, and with rubber tire, they cost about a third more than the best wooden wheels, but are more durable and easier for riding.

It is estimated that the apple crop this year will amount to two hundred millions of barrels, but thousands of these will rot in the orchards. It seems a great pity that so much of this fruit must be thus wasted in the year of plenty.

The first consignment of steel for the superstructure of the East River Bridge arrived early in September. There has been great delay in receiving this steel, which, according to contract, should have been delivered months ago. A full supply is now expected. This steel has been tested to stand 75,000 pounds to the square inch, while the heaviest strain which it is calculated will come upon the beams is but one-fifth of that amount. The engineers had hoped to have the bridge open to the public on July 4, 1881, but the delay of the steel will retard the completion of the work till at least September of next year.

Some of the German educational leaders are making efforts to abolish the old style of type in use in Germany, as well as the characters used for writing.

Many American exhibits intended for the World's Exhibition in Australia were lost by the recent wreck of the ship *Eric the Red*. As the Exhibition opens on October 1 they can not be replaced.

While it is not likely that any extensive and regular trade in foreign ice can be built up in New York, it is not improbable that dealers can purchase it at such a cheap price in Norway as to make it expedient to obtain a supply there in case of a small harvest in this country. Very likely, however, there will be an abundant supply of ice in this vicinity next winter, for it has seldom happened that two bad seasons for it followed each other.

At the opening of the Industrial Exposition at Cincinnati a letter was read from a wealthy citizen, C. W. West, offering $150,000 for the establishment of an art museum, on condition that a like amount should be subscribed by others. It is believed that there will be no difficulty in raising the necessary sum. A nucleus for an art collection has been already made by the Art Museum Association, composed of ladies.

A music festival is to be held in the Armory of the Seventh Regiment during the first week in May, 1881. The chorus will embrace over a thousand voices, and the orchestra more than two hundred instruments. Only the principal choral works have yet been fully decided upon. The selection embraces, *The Dettingen Te Deum*; *The Tower of Babel*, by Rubinstein; *The Grand Requiem*, by Hector Berlioz; *The Messiah*; *The Ninth Symphony*, by Beethoven.

An observatory for the study of vulcanology has been erected at the base of the central cone of Mount Etna.

German is taught in some of the Chicago primary schools.

It is reported that the sanitary condition of Washington is in a most deplorable state. A vast marsh close to the borders of the city, filled with refuse matters and the drainage of the city, poisons the air in all directions. The streets are not properly cleaned, and garbage is allowed to accumulate for days in succession. As a natural consequence malaria abounds, and threatens to become an epidemic. It is a national disgrace that our national capital should be in such a condition.

A letter from Leadville is authority for the assertion that the place has seen its best days. Most of the prominent mines are closed, and those still working have a very small force. A general dullness prevails over the surrounding country.

There have been thirty-two excursions for sick children with their mothers to the Sea-side Sanitarium this season. The blessing of many ready to perish will rest upon the promoters of this good work.

Fifteen thorough-bred French-Norman horses have recently been brought from Havre to New York city. They are mostly iron-gray or black in color, and weigh from 1700 to 1800 pounds each.

It is stated that much of the increase of insanity in Germany is attributable to the excessive amount of work imposed upon the pupils in the national schools. This statement is based upon the result of investigations made by German physicians interested in the treatment of the insane. May not the results of the pressure in our American schools be tending in the same direction?

The severe droughts which so frequently afflict various parts of our own country as well as other lands are believed to be in a great measure owing to the extensive destruction of forests. It is stated that about three million acres of woodland are annually cleared up in this country, and scarcely any effort is made to replant the stripped area. Such reckless laying waste of forests, if it does not actually lessen the annual rain-fall in a country, undoubtedly causes irregularity in the water supply—drought and flood alternating: the changes of climate become more sudden and trying, and the soil gradually loses its fertility. It certainly seems as if some organized effort would be justified to protect forest lands, and to restore waste places by the planting of trees, so that posterity may reap some wholesome results.

MARRIED FOR LOVE.

"YES, Jack Brown was a splendid fellow,
  But married for love, you know;
I remember the girl very well—
  Sweet little Kitty Duffau.
Pretty, and loving, and good,
  And bright as a fairy elf,
I was very much tempted indeed
  To marry Kitty myself.

"But her friends were all of them poor,
  And Kitty had not a cent;
And I knew I should never be
  With 'love in a cottage' content.
So Jack was the lucky wooer,
  Or unlucky—anyway
You can see how shabby his coat,
  And his hair is turning gray.

"But I'm told he thinks himself rich
  With Kitty and homely joys;
A cot far away out of town
  Full of noisy girls and boys.
Poor Jack! I'm sorry, and all that,
  But of course he very well knew
That fellows who marry for love
  Must drink of the liquor they brew."

And the handsome Augustus smiled.
  His coat was in perfect style,
And women still spoke of his grace,
  And gave him their sweetest smile.
But he thought that night of Jack Brown,
  And said, "I'm growing old;
I think I must really marry
  Some beautiful girl with gold."

Years passed, and the bachelor grew
  Tiresome, and stupid, and old;
He had not been able to find
  The beautiful girl with gold.
Alone with his fancies he dwelt,
  Alone in the crowded town,
Till one day he suddenly met
  The friend of his youth, Jack Brown.

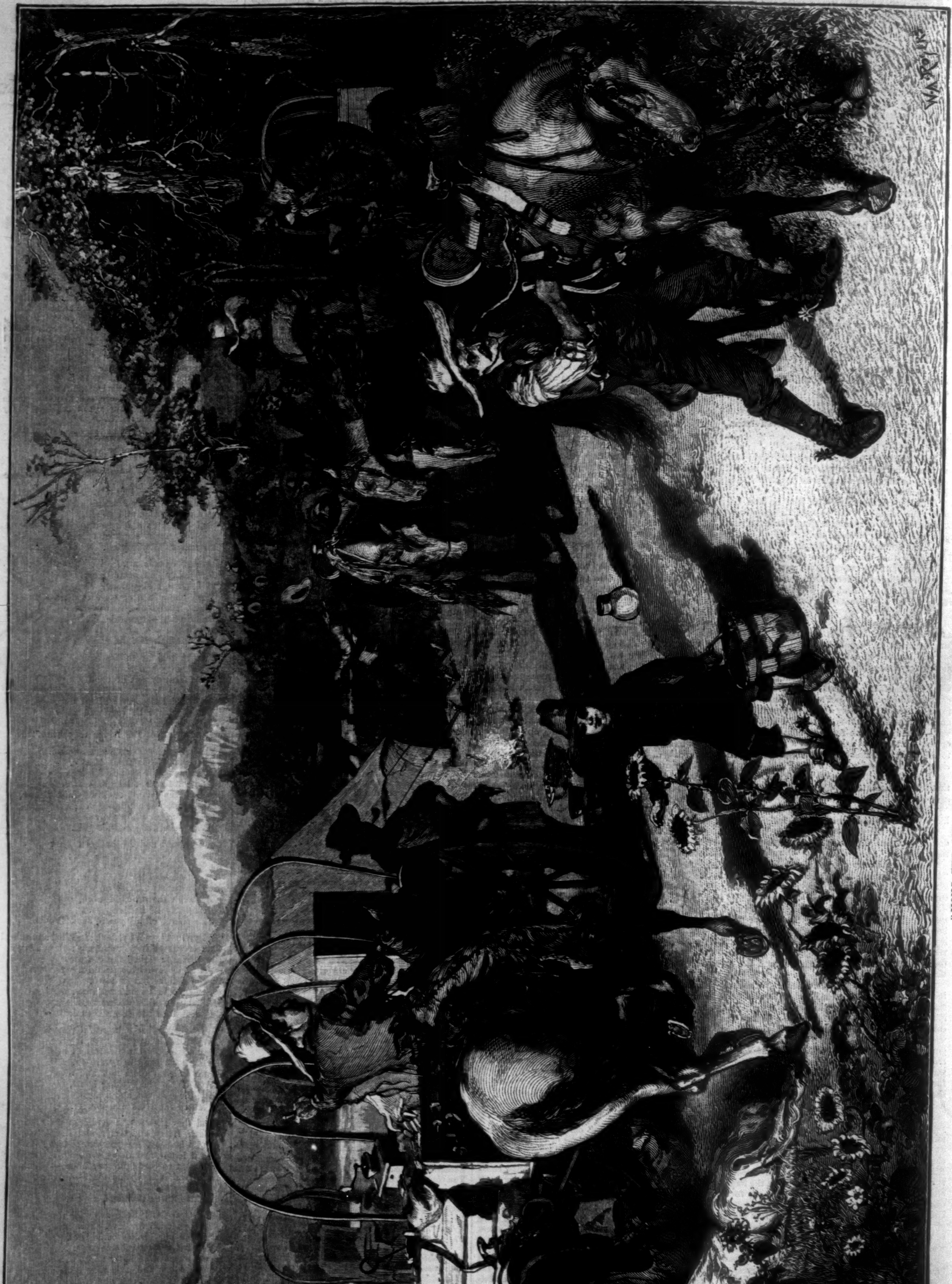
"Why, Gus!" "Why, Jack!" What a meeting!
  Jack was so happy and gay;
The bachelor sighed for content
  As he followed his friend away
To the cot far out of town,
  Set deep in its orchard trees,
Scented with lilies and roses,
  Cooled with the ocean breeze.

"Why, Jack, what a beautiful place!
  What did it cost?" "Oh, it *grew*.
There were only three rooms at first,
  Then soon the three were too few.
So we added a room now and then;
  And oft, in the evening hours,
Kitty, the children, and I
  Planted the trees and flowers.

"And they grew as the children grew
  (Jack, Harry, and Grace, and Belle)."
"And where are the youngsters now?"
  "All happy, and doing well.
Jack went to Spain for our house—
  His road is level and clear—
And Harry's a lawyer in town,
  Making three thousand a year.

"And Grace and Belle are well married—
  They married for love, as is best;
But often our birdies come back
  To visit the dear home nest.
So my sweet wife Kitty and I
  From labor and care may cease;
We have enough, and age can bring
  Nothing but love and peace."

But over and over again
  The bachelor thought that night,
"Home, and wife, and children!
  Jack Brown was, after all, right.
Oh! if in the days of my youth
  I had honestly loved and wed!
For now when I'm old there's no one cares
  Whether I'm living or dead."



AMONG THE COW-BOYS—BREAKING CAMP.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See next Page.]

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD—IS IT TOO LATE?

AMONG THE COW-BOYS.

It has become a standing joke that the "roast beef of Old England" is now raised on American plains. Few of the comic engravings recently published have had more point than the one where John Bull indignantly exclaims: "Himporting their beef, hare we? The next thing we'll be drinking their hale." Our picture on page 636 shows a merry scene familiar to the jolly rangers of the Far West. It shows the cow-boys starting from camp. "When we joined the 'round-up' party," writes our artist, "they were encamped on the Cuchara River, in Southern Colorado. In the morning the captain of the 'outfit' divides his men into several parties, and sends them out in different directions to find the cattle in their ranges, and drive them in. A herd of fresh horses is kept feeding near the camp, from which most of the animals to be used during the day are taken, while yesterday's horses rest their strained limbs with the reserve. No amount of training will entirely cure a 'broncho' of the habit of bucking, and when the cuiche is first drawn tight in the morning he will dance around the camp, with head down and back arched, until sometimes his girths work loose, and he rids himself of the saddle. Often a half-dozen horses will strike up a regular war-dance, as if one's bucking suggested it to the others.

"At the end of one of the wagons shown in the picture the cook is serving up the breakfast, the dishes being few. A great favorite was the 'kid' who assisted the cook. One of the men had given him a big spur, which was always to be seen on his heel."

Probably few persons who are not immediately interested in the subject have any idea of the enormous proportions to which the cattle trade of our Great West has grown. The tendency to go into the business seems also to be growing. The amount of capital represented in some of the herds is sufficient to supply a national bank. Five hundred or a thousand cattle are looked upon as a very small number, although they represent from $10,000 to $20,000. The average herds number from 1000 to 3000 head. There are many having from 8000 to 10,000, and several from 20,000 to 40,000. At the low average of ten dollars per head, this amounts to from $200,000 to $400,000 in a single herd, to say nothing of the corrals, the hundreds of ponies, the hired "cow-boys," the grain and feed in store, and the reserve fund necessary in handling such a number of cattle. While most of the herds are owned by individuals and firms, the capital invested is larger than that actually employed by companies in working some of the most extensive gold and silver mines of the Rocky Mountains.

It is estimated that there are forty thousand square miles fit for herding and nothing else west of the Kansas borders, between the Union Pacific and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroads. A large share of the best beef in the Western markets comes from the plains of Colorado and Wyoming. The supply is increasing every year, as the shipments from the cattle-yards at Cheyenne, Denver, Deer Trail, Las Animas, and other points show. The best ranges are now largely occupied, and the valleys of the Platte, Republican, and Upper Arkansas rivers fairly swarm with cattle. Owing to the rapid increase, many of the best ranges have been eaten off, so that new ranches where water may be readily had are at all times sought for. Another difficulty that the cattle-raisers have had to contend with is the presence of the sheep men. Grazing their animals as they both do upon the public domain, the only right that either can claim is priority of settlement. The States and Territories can not legislate upon the matter, and bitter quarrels, which there seems to be no way of adjusting, not infrequently arise. At one time there was such bitter feeling in regard to the matter that large numbers of sheep were killed by the cattle men, each act being followed by retaliation in kind. The two interests seem to be antagonistic, and, as if by common consent, the sheep men, at least

those doing business on the largest scale, are operating south of the Arkansas and in the San Luis Valley. Northern New Mexico is a kind of paradise for them, though there is occasionally trouble from the fact that cattle men are also carrying on a large business in some parts of that Territory.

The number of cattle on the plains is also increased by the practice adopted some time ago of driving large numbers from Texas, and allowing them to graze there for a few months before taking them to market. The cattle ordinarily raised in Texas at one time were of so little value that no one cared to buy them. Of late, however, the drovers have given a good deal of attention to what is known as "breeding up." Large numbers of thorough-bred bulls have been introduced. The old Texas stock is fast disappearing, and the young improved breeds which take their place make choice beef. The drovers from this remote region have, however, many difficulties to contend with. They are always more or less at the mercy of the speculators who every spring go down early into the cattle districts and spread the most doleful account of the season's trade. If the times are really dull, and the unfortunate drovers need money, there is the better opportunity to frighten them. The result is usually large contracts for cattle to be delivered by a certain date to such and such shipping points. Whole herds have often been bought up at $3 per head, and culled out at $5 per head. From the year 1865, when the annual Texas "drives" began, the business has been a series of ups and downs.

During one season money was scarce and everybody anxious to sell. Drovers who could count their long-horns by tens of thousands could hardly raise money enough to supply their ordinary needs. In fact, a man's poverty seemed to be commensurate with the size of his herd. The "drive" into Western Kansas numbered 260,000 head. The drover went forward with visions of better times and big pay for his beef, but was destined to meet with unlooked-for difficulties. Bands of outlaws infested the "trail," and if they could not by some means make away with the drover and steal the whole herd, would at night-time stampede the cattle in every direction, and seize the opportunity to gather up and hurry off what they could. His losses were fearful, and many of the rising cattle kings were ruined. In later years the Texas drover has been put to great annoyance by the laws of the Kansas Legislature establishing "dead lines," and compelling shipments each year to be made at points much further west, lengthening the drives, and turning them into sections where food is dear. The cattle men of the plains suffer none of these drawbacks. The stock is easily raised, multiplies fast, and is of good quality, and in condition for market without being driven to new pastures.

As an instance of the results that may be achieved in this line, it is only necessary to quote the case of Mr. J. W. Iliff, the "cattle king" of New Colorado. His ranch is 156 miles long, and begins at Julesburg on the east and extends to Greeley on the west. It includes bottom and upland ranges, and has several camps or ranches. The chief ranch is nearly south of Sidney, and about forty miles from Julesburg. At this ranch there are houses and sheds, and something more than two sections of land fenced in. All the cattle bought by Mr. Iliff are turned over to him and branded at this place. Here are his private stock-yards, with corrals, chutes, and all the necessary conveniences for handling cattle. It is on the South Platte River, and of course has fine watering facilities, while from the bottom land adjacent plenty of hay may be cut for the use of the horses employed in herding. He cuts no hay for his cattle. They live the entire year on the rich native grass on his range.

In cattle-raising, however, as in most other industries, a great deal is owing to sagacity and foresight. Mr. Iliff is a thorough cattle man, and long experience has given him a thorough knowledge of the business. The cattle king knows just how to keep his expenses as low as possible, and at the same time provide for the safe-keeping of his herds. He must make allowance for losses by theft and death, which are sometimes immense. On one occasion the losses sustained by Mr. Iliff during a single season would have ruined any one less amply endowed with energy and capital. There were deep snows over his range that remained on the ground a long time, and the storms were incessant. In the midst of these storms Mr. Iliff visited his ranch, and found his cattle literally dying by thousands. On the islands in the South Platte River he found and drove off into the sand-hills on the south side, after great exertion, some 2700 head, and of this number less than half were recovered. Their bleaching bones now whiten the plains in the vicinity, where they were frozen to death, and those that were recovered were found in two different States and four different Territories of the Union. More than $24,000 was expended in trying to find them. Nor was this all. It was impossible to tell for a number of years how much the loss had been. His books showed nearly 5000 head unaccounted for. No trace of them beyond skeletons could be found.

It is only within a few years that cattle-raising has become one of our great American industries. A short time ago cattle were only herded throughout the West in sufficient quantities to supply the limited local demand, such as came from scattered settlements and military posts, and the business did not attract much attention. It is now grown to be of such importance that it bids fair to rank with the most paying industries. The returns are large, and immense sums are being invested in it in the way of capital. Moneyed men whose health has failed them frequently purchase cattle ranches on the plains, where they add to their fortunes, while at the same time they rid themselves of the aches and pains brought on by too long an experience of city life.

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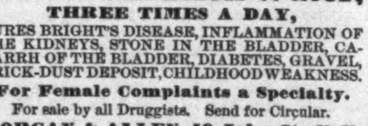

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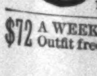

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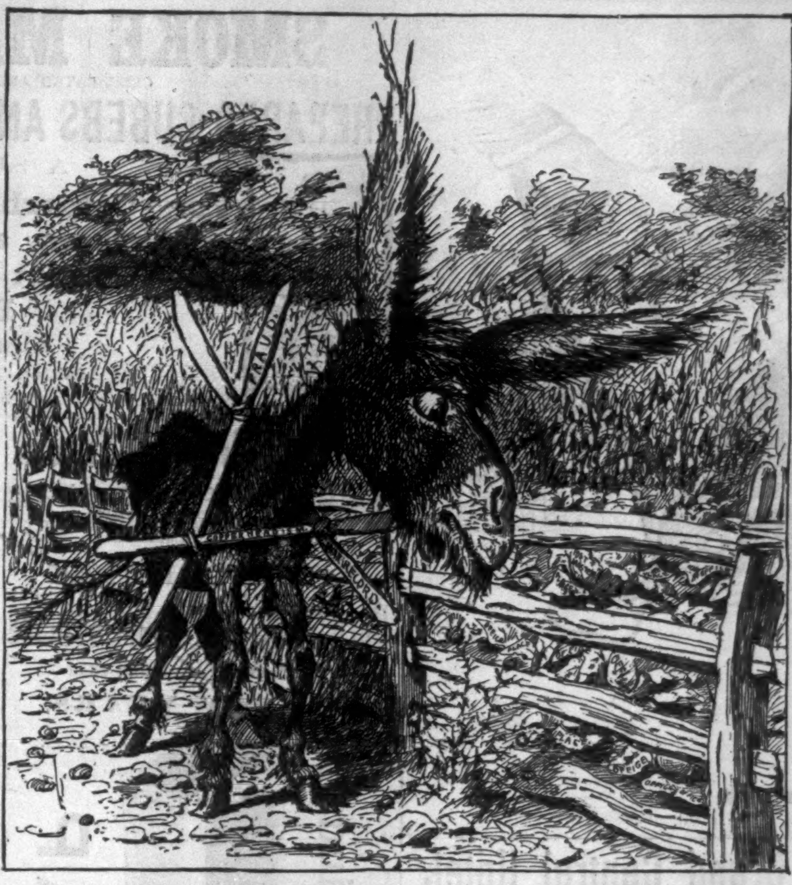

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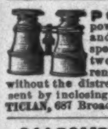

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